

# A Young Lawyer in an Old Man's Darling's Room.

The Old Chap Caught Him and Administered a Proper Chastisement Gray Hairs Vindicated.

A Bellmore, L. I., despatch says: Frederick McFarland, an old time farmer of his village, who has passed the age of three score years, may have gray hairs, but that does not make him the less a match for any young law clerk from town. A youth named Seaman, a clerk in the law firm of Lord, Day & Lord, of New York, thought it did, but he thinks differently now.

The farmer, upon being challenged, promptly turned Mr. Seaman into a mop, with which he proceeded to wipe up the arm house floor. Mr. Seaman has had the farmer arrested.

The cause of the difficulty which has so enlightened the youthful law clerk as to the potentiality of gray hairs was the old farmer's young and pretty wife, to whom the young man was paying attentions which displeased her husband.

## "STAR" BOARDER'S ADVANTAGE.

Farmer McFarland has been a respected resident of this village for many years. Though more than sixty years of age, his wife is only twenty-five. The couple took in boarders this summer to help out the family income, and young Seaman was regarded as the "star" boarder. He took all his city clothes and manners into the country with him and succeeded in making an impression. He has not yet reached voting age.

Now, the farmer, having a young and pretty wife, was naturally watchful of his own interests. He saw that young Mr. Seaman was impressed, as, of course, he should have been, with the charms of Mrs. McFarland, but he also observed Mr. Seaman, as he by no means should have done, paid her great attentions. These attentions seemed to Mr. McFarland to be greater than the requirements of boarding house etiquette demanded. He imagined, too, that his wife showed a fondness for Mr. Seaman. In fact, the farmer was jealous.

Things came to a climax on Thursday evening, when McFarland saw the young law clerk coming out of his wife's room. That was altogether too much. He strode up to him and demanded:

## GRAY HAIRS ON TOP.

"What are you doing in my wife's room?"

"I went there after a comb to do up my hair," stammered the young man.

Then the farmer let out his wrath. He said numerous unpleasant things, and wound up with the remark that for a mere little law clerk Seaman was "mighty fresh."

This aroused the ire of the young man, who braced himself up and retorted:

"If it were not for your gray hairs I'd make you take that back!"

That remark settled it. The gray hairs proceeded to assert themselves.

"Come on, you young scoundrel!" cried the farmer, squaring off. "These gray hairs are a match for a young quirt like you, any day."

No shouting, he led off with his left and knocked the young man squarely off his feet. He let him get up and then started in again with equally telling effect. The farmer leaped around, first on one foot and then on the other, landing blows with both fists. It was not long before young Seaman retired. Then he went to a Justice of the Peace and swore out a warrant for McFarland's arrest.

But the farmer doesn't care a cent, for he vindicated his honor and his gray hairs.

## A FINE LIBRARY.

The U. S. Congressional Library to be a Gallery of Statuary.

A Washington despatch says: The new Congressional Library, which is now nearing completion, is to be decorated with statues of 25 men who have been famous in literary work. Mr. Spofford, the librarian, was authorized to make the selection.

The great reading room is the most conspicuous feature of the interior. Its plan of decoration makes provision for eight groups illustrating the several branches of the literary art, and under the

# THE AWFUL PLAGUE.

## The Progress of the "Black Death" in China.

### HEROIC MEANS FOR RELIEF.

Thousands Are Dying Daily in Towns and Cities and Being Buried in Trenches—The Centre of the Disease—Chinese are Panic-stricken.

A Shanghai cable says: Your readers have probably been advised by telegraph ere this of the dreadful crisis through which the British colony of Hong Kong is now passing—the most severe she has experienced during the fifty years of her existence. A hideous form of plague has been ravaging her population for the last couple of months, and ruin, absolute ruin, stares her in the face. The fell disease, which, beyond a doubt, was imported from Canton, where its effects have been still more appalling, is described by the medical faculty of the colony as being similar to that which, under the name of the Great Plague, proved so fatal to the people of London in 1665. Although it was only officially recognized as a dangerous epidemic in the beginning of May, there is no doubt the affection was prevalent in Hong Kong much earlier.

The spring of 1894 has been a disastrous one in many ways for Hong Kong. In the earlier months a long drought was experienced, which resulted in a water famine; not only were the residents of the colony put to considerable discomfort and inconvenience by the supply of fresh water running short in the reservoirs, but a source of grave public danger was speedily constituted by the want of means of flushing out the drains.

But in spite of the innumerable warnings they received, and even with the terrible example of Canton before their eyes, the Hong Kong Government remained apathetic until it was no longer a question of prevention, but of cure.

The little worked and overpaid Public Works Department did nothing to abate

### THE HORRIBLE FILTH

and the shocking herding together of the lower class Chinese in Taipingshan and other native quarters until there could be no further doubt that the disease was simply raging in those festering purlieus.

Then, indeed, one morning, a little more than a month ago, when the daily number of deaths recorded had got well up into the fifties the Government began to talk of sanitary reforms.

The neighboring ports in China, Japan and the Straits took alarm immediately on the issue of the Government's proclamation, and quarantine regulations were put in force at all those places which have dealings with Hong Kong, which measures, coupled with the appalling turn which events subsequently took there, have had the most disastrous effect upon the trade and prospects of the colony.

The death rate soon rose to 100 per diem, according to the official returns, which there is reason to believe were very much underestimated. According to the same source of information, from 200 to 300 fresh persons were attacked every day, so that the medical resources of the port speedily fell short of the demands made upon them, and Shanghai, Singapore and one or two other places were appealed to for assistance.

Made fully alive to the gravity of their situation, the Hong Kong Government rushed into the other extreme and set about enforcing their sanitary regulations with the most intense energy. A system of house-to-house visitation was inaugurated, in which the civil authorities were assisted by 300 soldiers of the garrison, who bravely volunteered their services for this repulsive work, and whose leader, Captain Vesey, of the Shropshire Light Infantry, was the first European victim of the plague.

The truth is that the malady is peculiar to no one race or no one class, and that anyone, be he Caucasian, Mongolian or negro, is liable to it, if he lives in a place where it already exists and where the conditions are favorable to its

to prevent the malady spreading from Hong Kong, and so far it is satisfactory to note that Hong Kong, Canton and the surrounding districts are the only places where it has made its appearance. The disease begins by fever and rigors, followed by swellings in the groins, armpits or neck; hence its name—Bubonic plague.

Death generally occurs in a few hours, but if the patient survives for two or three days the probabilities are that he will recover. The affection certainly arises from filth, and it is a curious fact that rats and other animals, and even the fish in polluted waters, are attacked before the malady spreads to human beings.

In Canton between seventy thousand and eighty thousand persons have died of the plague since the beginning of March, and things are assuming a most alarming aspect, for the people are simply wild with fear and threaten all sorts of persecutions to the foreigners, to whom, by some peculiar process of Chinese reasoning, they attribute the presence of the epidemic.

### WOMEN PHYSICIANS ATTACKED.

Two American missionaries, women doctors belonging to an agency known as the Band of Brethren, were brutally attacked at Honam last week, and narrowly escaped with their lives. They are Miss Begler and Miss Halverstone, both qualified medical practitioners. They were walking along the street when they observed a Chinaman fall down in front of them. They immediately rushed to render him what assistance they could, but unfortunately for themselves, the poor fellow died under their hands. The crowd which had collected to watch the proceedings raised the cry that the foreign women had killed the man and attacked them in the most savage manner. Miss Begler was stabbed in the thigh, and both were hustled about, bruised and beaten and had their dresses torn.

Fortunately they managed to escape into the shop of a friendly Chinaman, who protected them until some foreigners arrived to their rescue.

The mob then threatened to burn down the mission house, but after a few hours the trouble subsided without further damage being done.

### FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

## A Young Boy Dies During an Electric Storm.

The Boy Had an Overpowering Dread of Lightning—This Fear of Electricity Was Due to a Terrible Fright He Received Some Four Years Ago.

An Owego despatch says: Eugene Clark, aged fifteen years and five months, son of James Clark, mason, of 72 East Schuyler street, was found dead by his mother about ten o'clock last evening in an outhouse attached to the premises.

Up to four years ago Eugene had always been an exceedingly strong and healthy youth, but at that time he met with an accident which has exercised a powerful influence over him ever since.

When he was about eleven years old he was playing in the fort grounds, when a terrific electric storm came up. The rain came down in torrents and the lad sought shelter in one of the target pits. Young Clark, who heretofore had never shown any timidity over lightning, received a shock which rendered him insensible. He was taken to Irwin Smith's house, where medical aid was summoned and the lad revived.

Ever since that time he has been subject to fits, especially when an electric storm was approaching. As the distant rumbling of the thunder rolled through the heavens and in the distance the vivid flashes of lightning revealed themselves through the clouds, a marked change could be seen coming over the lad. His face would turn ashen pale and a look of abject fear come into his eyes and he would tremble in every muscle. As the thunder drew nearer he would involuntarily stop his ears to shut out the sound and cover his face to shut out the sight of the lightning.

The extent to which he was subjected to this fear of the heavenly elements was demonstrated this spring, when so many terrific thunder storms swept over this section. One night he was in bed and a terrific electric storm came up. A heavy crash was heard accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning. The boy was asleep but awoke with a start. The look of fright which came over the boy's face is said to have been a pitiful sight. He immediately went into convulsions, and it took several persons to hold him in bed.

He ate his supper as usual last evening and went to the corner of Eighth and

# DEFENDED HER HONOR.

## Mary Immege Shot the Man Sought to Wrong Her.

### HE IS NOW IN A HOSPITAL.

He Basely Urged Her to Poison Her Husband and Then Marry Him and Take Flight—Victim's Death Probable.

A New York despatch says: Pasquale Juliani lies at the point of death, county, St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, New Jersey, and Mary Immege, who shot him, is a prisoner at the Second Precinct Police Station. The charge against her is that she committed an atrocious assault and battery with intent to kill.

Mary is a handsome Italian girl, 25 years old. She has been married since March. Before that time Pasquale had been intimate with her. He is only three years her senior, a tailor, who dresses well and is handsome withal. As the two were neighbors they were often together. She lives at No. 18 Drift street and Pasquale lived next door. Last night, when Mary's husband was not at home, Pasquale visited her and expressed his intention of spending the evening with her. She entertained him and showed to him a new sewing machine. He sat down and sewed bits of cloth. Then he wanted to visit a friend of his, but Mary, saying she loved her husband, told him he was good to her.

Mrs. Immege is in delicate health. Pasquale handed her a small package, a few moments before he refused to go with him. She took the package and poured the contents into her husband's coat, and she would kill him to see him free to marry.

Mrs. Immege again refused to go to his plans, and Pasquale became angry. "Well, if you don't want me to leave you, I will band here and fly with me to P. vania."

"No, I will not," answered sharply, "and if you don't get out of here I'll have you thrown out." Pasquale became angry. He grabbed the young woman and forced her backward towards the bed, meanwhile pulling a stiletto from his pocket. He attempted to stab her, but Mary fought like a tigress and the assailant dropped his weapon.

She succeeded in freeing herself and procured a 38-calibre revolver from a bureau drawer. Pasquale regained his weapon and followed her closely. He twice attempted to stab her.

### SHOT HIM IN THE NECK.

Mary pulled the trigger of her revolver. The bullet entered Pasquale's mouth, pierced his neck and shattered his spinal column.

Detective Fallon and Policeman Walsh were quickly on the scene. Gasping for breath and dying, the wounded man was taken to St. Michael's Hospital, and Mrs. Immege was made a prisoner.

The pistol, with three empty chambers, and the bottle and package given by Pasquale to Mary, were secured by the police. The stuff will be examined this morning. Late last night I was told by the sister on duty at the hospital that Pasquale was still alive. No hope of his recovery is expressed.

### WEARY OF LIFE.

An Italian Suicide at the Falls—A Buffalo Girl Tries It—A Missing Woman.

A yesterday's (Monday) Niagara Falls despatch says: A suicidal tendency struck a number here to-day. An Italian jumped into the hydraulic canal this afternoon and refused to be rescued. He paid no attention to the planks and ropes thrown him, and was drowned. His name was Giuseppe Druko. He was crazed through continuous debauch.

A Willoughby, Ont., lady was here looking for a sister, a Mrs. Patrick Gath, who disappeared recently with \$500 in money, and has not been seen. Foul play or suicide is feared. It is known that Mrs. Gath was very despondent when she left Willoughby. Mrs. Patterson, in giving a cause for her sister's disappearance, stated that about two months ago it was decided to sell the farm, though against the wishes of Mrs. Gath, who disliked very much to leave the old homestead, saying that she would feel discouraged and homesick. Her husband

The great reading room is the most conspicuous feature of the interior. Its plan of decoration makes provision for eight groups illustrating the several forms of the literary art, and under the emblematic designs are niches for 16 statues. The subjects for these are: Mr. Spofford has selected as follows: Poetry, Homer, and Shakespeare; art, Angelo and Beethoven; science, Newton and Henry; history, Herodotus and Gibbon; philosophy, Plato and Bacon; commerce, Columbus and Fulton; law, Solon and Blackstone; religion, Moses and St. Paul.

On the exterior of the building are niches for nine busts, and the subjects selected for these are Franklin, Demosthenes, Dante, Irving, Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, Emerson, Hawthorne and Goethe.

The work of producing these statues and busts has been entrusted to a committee consisting of J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens and Mr. Adams, who are to assign each subject to the sculptor they think will be able to do it best. The committee is responsible for the result, and has power to approve or disapprove the models. Gen. Casey, the Chief of Engineers, who has control of the construction of the building, has placed the entire matter in their hands with Mr. Spofford as literary critic.

#### MET AFTER 18 YEARS.

#### Happy Reunion of Brother and Sisters Under Singular Circumstances.

An Owosso, Mich., despatch says: Eighteen years ago Jennie Finch, a girl of 10, was stolen from her home in Grand Rapids by a band of gypsies, and after fruitless search she was mourned as dead. Her mother died and the family scattered, brother and sister moving here. She discovered her relatives here yesterday and relates some thrilling experiences. The leader of the gypsies who told her was Bartley Gorman, who was afterwards hung for killing his wife. He once gave the girl a kick which nearly ended her death. While she was in a critical condition, from the wound, the gypsy applied the lash. Her screams were heard by an officer, who liberated her. She was taken to the hospital at Quincy, Ill., to New York and Cincinnati, but he has never entirely recovered from the injury. Seven years ago she left the hospital and afterwards married a mason named D'Klee. They now live in Cincinnati. Last week she visited Grand Rapids in search of her relatives, who she feared were all dead. When she found her brother and sister yesterday it was a most happy reunion.

#### A SNAKE IN HIS TROUSERS.

#### Did Not Care to Occupy Them With a Deadly Copperhead.

A Woodbridge, N. J., despatch says: David Ayres, of this place, had a thrilling experience last night which he will not forget to his dying day. For the last week he has been engaged in painting the barn of Peter Nelson, at Ford's Corners, three miles from here. At noon he took off his trousers and donned a pair of overalls. The trousers were thrown carelessly on a pile of hay.

When he returned to the barn at night, he found his trousers were somewhat surprised to find something obstructed his progress. He gave a fierce tug, and was horror-struck to see a large copperhead snake poke his head out of the waistband. He got out of the trousers as quickly as possible, and fled, calling for help.

The snake disappeared in the hay, and later when Nelson went out to the barn he found his pet spaniel, Tip, lying dead. The dog had attempted to drive the snake out and had lost its life. The body was swollen to abnormal size from the effects of the poison.

#### TWO UNFORTUNATES.

"I am going home," said a man on the street this afternoon. "I have been trying for several days to see my wife, and I see by the papers that she is to be 'at home' this afternoon." This unfortunate man must have been married to a relative of the woman whose small laughter complained that she would like to be an "orphan," because she loved to be with her mamma, and she never could enjoy that pleasure unless she was an inmate of one of these large establishments where her charitable mother spent most of her time.

This is how the Empress Eugenie describes herself: "Marie Eugenie, Countess de Pierrefond, widow, aged sixty-seven; born at Granada, in Spain; naturalized French."

similar to any one race or no one class, and that anyone, be he Caucasian, Mongolian or negro, is liable to it, if he lives in a place where it already exists, and where the conditions are favorable to its development. Up to the present the official returns estimate the mortality from plague in Hong Kong at 2,600, but there can be no doubt that at least three times that number of persons have died from the affection since it first made its appearance in the colony.

#### CHINESE BECAME PANIC-STRICKEN.

The state of the once prosperous island is simply awful, and the appearance of the city reminds one of nothing more than the descriptions we read of those places in Europe visited by the black death in mediæval times. One of the first things, of course, the Chinese did, when the epidemic began to assume alarming proportions, was to get panic-stricken.

Those who had the means commenced to leave the colony in thousands, and those who were forced to remain, for want of the wherewithal to get away from the stricken port, resorted to native jugglery and "Joss-piggin'" in order to check the spread of the malady, and in their stupid ignorance and obstinacy combined to resist the authorities and prevent them from carrying into effect the more rational and scientific methods of the European.

#### BURNING INFECTED QUARTERS.

The hospital hulk, Hygeia, lying in the middle of the harbor, was cleared out and made ready for the reception and isolation of plague patients; two other hulks were pressed into the service and similarly prepared; hospitals were erected at Pokfulam, Kennedytown and other places; a rigorous system of inspection was instituted; Chinese interference rigorously shut down upon; all persons found suffering from plague symptoms were at once removed to the hospitals, in spite of the resistance of their relatives, and all houses in which cases of plague had occurred were thoroughly disinfected, and clothing and bedding of the patients burned.

Last of all the Government has resolved and carried out a measure which, if it was a little heroic, has been amply justified by the good results that have followed, in the marked decrease of the plague since the course referred to has been carried out.

I allude to the burning down of Taipingshan, a district the filth of which could hardly be conceived by those who have never been for themselves the unspeakable abominations of a slum in an Eastern seaport. The denizens of Taipingshan are all either poor, wretched coolies, pirates, thieves or gamblers. It is, or was, for happily, the slum exists no longer, populated only by the desperately poor and desperately wicked classes.

The land and buildings were owned largely by foreigners, but the houses were all sublet to Chinese, who used them as lodging houses, gambling dens, brothels, opium dives, or low drinking houses.

#### SEEN TO DROP DEAD IN THE STREET.

When the epidemic was at its height, and even still, people may be seen to drop down dead in the streets. The foreign residents have faced the emergency like heroes. Comparatively few of them have deserted the colony, and nearly every one of them has lent a hand in the noble work of trying to stamp out the disease.

The ladies of the place have formed an ambulance corps and may be seen going about the street wearing the red cross on their arms; they are in the thick of the fight and when the history of Hong Kong comes to be written a proud place must be given to the ladies who so bravely came forward in the plague year—1894.

All the foreign firms in the colony have given liberal donations, chiefly in the shape of whiskey and cigars, the preventives recommended by the Sanitary Board, to the men engaged in the house to house visitation. The scenes in the hospitals, where the patients under treatment are necessarily very crowded, are too horrifying to dwell upon.

#### BURIED IN TRENCHES.

When a person dies he is set aside with the other corpses until the death cart comes round to fetch the heap away. The dead are buried in trenches filled with quicklime, and every grave is numbered, so that the relatives of the victims may know where their friends are laid to rest and offer sacrifice to their manes, if they wish to, when order is once more restored to the distracted colony.

Every possible precaution is being taken at Shanghai and the other ports

look of fright which came over the boy's face is said to have been a pitiful sight. He immediately went into convulsions, and it took several persons to hold him in bed. He ate his supper as usual last evening and went to the corner of Eighth and Schuyler streets, and joined several of his companions who were congregated there. About 9:30 a thunder storm was seen coming up and young Clark started for home. He went into an outhouse, and while there the thunder commenced to roll and the vivid flashes of lightning to illuminate the heavens. As usual, he became frightened and was thrown into convulsions. About ten o'clock Mrs. Clark, who had heard her son enter the door, took a lamp and made a search of the premises. She attempted to push open the door of the outhouse but only succeeded in turning it round. She saw the rays of the lamp shine inside and she saw her son lying on the floor close to the door. Mrs. Clark called her husband who tried to open the door, but to no avail. Procuring a crowbar he attacked the side of the building and tore down the wall, where he saw his son lying partially doubled up. He took him into the house and Coroner Vowinkle was summoned this morning. After thoroughly investigating the matter he decided that the boy came to his death through fright and declared an inquest unnecessary.

#### LORD ABERDEEN'S ESTATES.

Before the Royal Commission on Agriculture, presided over by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. George Muirhead, factor for Lord Aberdeen's estates in Aberdeenshire in the course of his evidence, said that the acreage of Lord Aberdeen's estate was 53,000 acres, the rental being about £40,000 a year. Since 1872 Lord Aberdeen had spent over £200,000 in improvements on the estate. In 1880 £21,000 was returned to the tenants, owing to the disastrous season of 1879; in 1886 £5,000 was returned; and in 1892 £2,000. In 1886 a revaluation was offered to every tenant, and to those who accepted it it brought a reduction of about 22 per cent., but nothing like all the tenants asked for a revision. The new rents under the revision were to stand for five years. In 1890 these rents were raised 11 per cent. All the tenants were offered leases. He gave details of the number of years' rent at 100 acres, and it took to equip holdings of different sizes, ranging from £120 for holdings of five acres to £2,300 for holdings of 500 acres. He had at least 100 applications for farms lying in his office to-day. The farms which came to be let were generally of less than some applicants would be willing to give. Judging from the regularity with which rents were paid, he had no reason to suppose that the agricultural depression was felt in Aberdeenshire. His opinion was that the depression existing generally was due to the contraction of the currency and the consequent appreciation of gold. The only remedy he could suggest was an addition to the supply of gold.—*Scottish American Journal.*

#### REMEDY FOR IVY POISON.

Procure from the drug or other stores where they are sold a small bottle of little sugar pills, labeled "Rhus tox." A "hair of the dog that bit you" will cure you. Take six of the little pills at one dose, four doses the first day—morning, noon, evening and bedtime. The next day the itching will be mollified a degree. The second and third day take three doses, of six pills each dose. You will, by this time, be so free from irritation that you may carelessly take a few pills until nature heals up the sores. So soon as the healing begins be very chary of taking many of the pills, as they will, in excess of requirement, produce an intolerable, though harmless, itching over the whole body. The writer, poisoned on an average four to six times a year, finds this remedy a permanent check on the first appearance of poisoning symptoms.—*Scientific American.*

#### SIZING HIM UP.

The sedate, smooth-shaven, carefully-attired young Sunday school superintendent from Englewood sat down in the chair provided by the bootblack. "I want a good shine, my boy," he said. "I'm a little particular about my shoes." "You bet," responded the urchin, heartily, as he opened his box of implements and began operations. "I'm onto all dat. You sportin' men's de most p'tickler customers we's got."

#### MISINTERPRETED.

Sociable German (to waiter)—Wie geht's? Haasty Waiter (yelling towards the kitchen)—Wheat cakes! Sociable German—Nein! Nein! Haasty Waiter—You'll be lucky if you got three!

disappearance, stated that about two years ago it was decided to sell the farm, though against the wishes of Mrs. Gath, who disliked very much to leave the old homestead saying that she would feel discouraged and homesick. Her husband, Patrick Gath, to whom she had been married about nine months, and her infant child died shortly after the sale of the farm, and this added to the loneliness of Mrs. Gath. The purchase money was shortly after paid over by the purchaser, Mr. Slater, and Mrs. Gath was given her share, \$500. She soon disappeared, and with her the money, without giving any explanation or saying a word of her intentions, and no trace of her has since been found. The missing woman was employed off and on in Lawyer German's office in Niagara Falls, Ont., and is spoken of as a very intelligent person.

The passengers on the steamer Wm. Harrison, when it arrived at Schlosser dock this afternoon, on the American side, on its trip from Buffalo, were treated to a rather sensational scene free of charge. A young girl, apparently about 17 or 18 years of age, and rather pretty, who had come down from Buffalo, accompanied by her mother, was suddenly seized with suicidal mania, and wanted to throw herself into the water and end her suffering. The mother called for assistance, and after some difficulty the daughter was quieted down and prevailed to get on the boat again and go home.

A human body was seen in the whirlpool yesterday. It appeared to be that of a woman. The hair is gone from the head, and the color indicates that it is far decomposed, as if it had lain in water two weeks or more. As the body kept circling in the centre of the whirlpool it was impossible to secure it. This morning it was not visible.

#### WATER PIPE ON FIRE.

#### When the Water Was Turned Off the Pipe Got Red Hot.

Harry Kotschinsky, a tailor, his family and assistants live in a house in Baltimore, which since Saturday has been so full of electricity that the occupants have decided that the habitation is not a safe one.

Saturday night just as Mrs. Kotschinsky was about to use an iron wash basin she touched a spigot. A blue blaze shot out and at the same moment she received a shock that nearly paralyzed her. When she recovered the flames of her limbs she hurried downstairs, where she found the other farmers of hurrying out of their rooms. Fronte were shooting from walls, worth. President; H the house.

The display lasted until Sunday morning, when the pipes were turned off. The pipes were turned off the water, and in that way also stop the current. With the aid of rubber gloves he succeeded in stopping the flow of water. No sooner were the pipes empty than they became red hot and began to melt. New pipes were put in yesterday, and later in the day the water was again turned on. Last night streaks of blue again played around the pipes, but only for a few minutes. This morning the same thing occurred, and this time set fire to the woodwork. The blaze, however, was quickly extinguished. The people are now looking for another house.

The only explanation of the freak is that two trolley lines pass the house, front and rear, and besides a number of electric wires are strung in the immediate vicinity. It is supposed they communicate with the water-pipes, and these in turn become heavily charged.

#### WOMAN'S PROGRESS AND COURTESIES.

A lady, whose business calls her into the city every day, says a London exchange, complains in a daily paper very bitterly, and we think a little unjustly, of the treatment which women receive from the city men who flock to town by the morning trains. The way in which great strong men and youths fight and struggle for places, and in some cases even endeavor to exclude lady passengers, is simply disgraceful, she thinks, while as for any spark of good manners or chivalry, it is hopeless to expect it. We feel greatly that the competition of women in business has rather brought about the state of things of which she complains, and that there are many men who, finding themselves rivalled by the opposite sex, resent it to the degree of refusing to accord its members the little courtesies to which they have been accustomed.



WID COREA THE BONE

Which China and Japan are Fighting About.

THE POOR, HENPECKED KING

So Many Tributes Paid to the Two Rival Powers.

THE SINS OF THE COREAN WOMEN,

Through Marriage and Other Curious Customs

AT THE CAPITAL

is very little visited by Euro-  
peans, but fortunately one of those who  
visit it a year or two back has  
left an excellent account of the coun-  
try in an admirable and most enter-  
taining book recently published by  
Rue de Rivoli. Son, under the title of  
"The Sacred White Mountain,"  
gives only a  
first-hand account of the country,  
and is a large field, the seat  
of grain and stubble,  
of shops and de-  
voted to the  
of the universe  
post-office,  
Baritone Subhook-  
open for Concert Engage-  
ment, 200,000 houses,  
about 250,000,  
Terms on All walls, an area of  
is as much the heart  
more so, as Paris is  
It is the object of  
a man to live in the

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NOTICE

THE MEASURE AND VICE

of attainment; the chances  
of favorite posts by judicious  
flattery and canvassing of superiors  
are applied, while the finest and  
best of the native and foreign produce  
is procured. There is to be found  
the same head of official corruption  
and "fleeing," for every member of  
this "born class spends his time in  
seeing, out his share of the loaves  
and fishes of dishonesty (in a European  
sense) here lives the King, the Lord of  
the 200 Islands, the Son of Heaven,  
the Father of his people; the Son of  
Heaven is felt to vivify and illumine  
each inhabitant of Seoul, be he ever so  
humble. The contempt shown for pro-  
vincials by all officials and every  
Seoul man is most amusing, and  
many were the lamentations we sub-  
sequently heard from town-bred men,  
obliged to live elsewhere, over their  
sad and uninteresting existences. The  
acceptance of offices in the provinces is  
merely a means to an end—that is, the  
amassing of wealth, which may be  
spent in the pleasures of this life in the  
capital of Corea. The darkest side of  
the picture lies in the crowded collec-  
tion of houses, swarming with human  
(and insect) life, absolutely devoid of  
even elementary sanitation; where

THE USE OF SOAP AND WATER

is confined to a few of the higher  
classes; where disease and vice have  
lived in close partnership for several  
hundred years; where dishonesty and op-  
pression are carried to their utmost lim-  
its; where torture and cruelty exercise  
full sway; and where private and polit-  
ical intrigues hamper and hinder any  
important improvement in, or ameliora-  
tion of, the conditions of life of the  
great bulk of the community. But the  
King is father of his people, and as such  
the persons and property of his subjects  
are absolutely at the mercy of his pater-  
nal will. The King is a mere  
puppet in the hands of his Queen, a  
strong-minded woman, whose relatives  
and favorites fill almost every appoint-  
ment. The Queen only tolerates one  
wife—that is, herself—and should she  
detect His Majesty's intriguing with  
either of the palace ladies, the wretched  
female is promptly degraded and de-  
spatched to some remote district, or else  
succumbs to some rapid and mysterious

at one end or side of the house; there  
are numerous flies under the mud floor  
conduct the smoke and hot air to an up-  
right chimney or a hole in the wall at  
the opposite end or side, and very little  
fire suffices to thoroughly heat a large  
house. The Chinese "kang" is on the  
same principle, but the fire forms a  
raised bench along one side of the rooms.  
I was not surprised, later on, to find  
that coughs and colds were very common,  
for an indoor temperature between 70  
degrees and 80 degrees, and an outdoor  
one of 0 degrees, form very trying ex-  
tremes. Moreover, the constant warmth  
serves to keep alive the numerous flies,  
fleas, bugs and cockroaches with which  
most of the houses swarm. The prin-  
cipal feature of the Korean house, which  
Captain Cavendish describes, made of  
wattle and daub between rough-hewn  
uprights, and with a mud floor covered  
with straw mats, was that the roof tim-  
bers were out of all proportion heavier  
than the uprights, though they only had  
to support the lightest thatch.

THE WOMEN

seem to be much worse off than they are  
in Japan from the account of Korean  
women and their costume. The dress  
of the lower order of native women con-  
sists of a very loose pair of trousers or  
long drawers of matching cloth or Man-  
chester sheeting, reaching to the ankles  
and fastened round the waist by a cord.  
Over this is a petticoat of the same  
material, reaching to the calf. On the  
shoulders is a jacket with sleeves, which  
covers the chest, but is so short that it  
leaves the breasts exposed to view. This  
peculiar dress often caused shocks to  
our feelings by exposing to our view  
terrible sores on the breasts, sometimes  
dressed with a blue ointment, but more  
often neglected. North of Won-San we  
did not observe nearly so many sores,  
though the dress still afforded the same  
facilities for doing so. Girls of a mar-  
riageable age (when one sees them, which  
is not often, as they are kept in seclu-  
sion) have a sort of belt round their  
bodies hiding their breasts. The women  
plait their hair into tails, which are  
then wound round the head. Of femi-  
nine dress of the higher class I know  
nothing, as they are kept carefully

SECLUDED FROM MASCULINE VIEW;

and even of the peasantry I saw but  
very few girls between 12 and 16, and  
those only in the remotest districts. The  
female Korean, to a western eye, is hide-  
ous, even in childhood, though the boys  
are often very handsome, as, indeed, are  
a few men. The woman in Corea is mere-  
ly a useful machine to provide for the  
wants of the man. Marriage is a barg-  
ain, and chastity is expected only from  
the wife. The husband may keep con-  
cubines or indulge in other forms of  
vice, but the wife must be chaste un-  
der pain of death; her part is to bear  
children, to rise early, to get to bed  
late, to keep the fields, gardens, house  
and stables in order, and, in short, to  
be a woman-of-all-work. What wonder  
that, among the laboring classes, they  
become wrinkled and hag-like at an  
early age!

The women do all the labor in the  
fields, and in some other respects the  
men seem more effeminate than they do,  
as one can gather from these fashions  
for men. "He (the Prefect of Kap-San)  
had in his suite two good-looking boys  
of eighteen, who had

MAGNIFICENT QUEUES

of black hair, which we admired, but  
learned that their size was due to the  
false hair plaited in. A Korean, until  
he becomes engaged to be married, wears  
his hair in a pigtail without any head  
covering, but after that important oc-  
casion, which takes place as early in  
life as his parents can conveniently ar-  
range for, he has his head partly shaved  
and his hair twisted up into a knot on  
the top of his head, and can wear one  
of the numerous hats for masculine ad-  
ornment. One of our "Wapus" discharged  
at Kap-San was an unattached bachelor,  
and, although forty years of age, wore  
a boy's pigtail. On the other hand, we  
saw several children of nine or ten years  
of age wearing the marriage top-knot.  
The Prefect, whose name was Hang-Nan-  
Yeung, came from Seoul, and told us he  
lived only for the time when he could  
get back there; his nominal salary was  
9,000 cash a month, or about £20 a  
year; but then he lived at the expense  
of his district, the inhabitants supply-  
ing him with all the necessities of life."

THE FIRST HANGING.

John Billington. Who Came in the May-  
flower, Was Executed for Murder.

John Billington (then spelled Billinton)  
was executed for murder in 1630. In  
the enumeration of the Mayflower pas-  
sengers made by one of their number,

"WHERE AM I AT?"

That is What Eugene Suhrer Wants to Know.

Is He His Own Father-in-Law or His Own Son-in-Law?—Married His Former Wife's Daughter—Now a Lawsuit.

A New York despatch says: Just what  
relation Eugene Suhrer, of Westfield,  
Mass., is to himself is one of the ques-  
tions the Supreme Court of this city will  
be called upon to settle at the next  
term. It does not seem to be alto-  
gether clear whether Suhrer is his own  
son-in-law or his own father-in-law, or  
neither.

This complicated question of relation-  
ship arises incidentally to a suit which  
Mr. Suhrer has begun in the Supreme  
Court against Mrs. Catherine Suhrer, of  
No. 16 Cannon street, to recover \$20,000  
damages for the alienation of his wife's  
affections.

The beginning of the story out of  
which the queer marital complication  
arises dates away back to 1850, when  
Miss Catherine Fauch came to this coun-  
try to seek a fortune and a husband.  
Nine years after her arrival she married  
Philip Sonn, a man of considerable  
means. Sonn, it is claimed, began to  
drink to excess soon after his marriage,  
and was later confined in an insane  
asylum as a result of his dissipation.

About 1868 Sonn was released from  
the asylum and immediately went to  
Europe, and, according to the allega-  
tions in the suit, his wife has not heard  
of him since.

Mrs. Sonn had three children, two  
boys and a girl, Catherine, as a result  
of this marriage.

Shortly after the departure of her  
husband for Europe Mrs. Sonn made  
the acquaintance of Eugene Suhrer, and  
despite the fact that she had received  
no evidence of the death of her hus-  
band it is alleged that she married  
Suhrer in 1876. Three children were  
also born to this second marriage.

About 1878, it is alleged, Suhrer began  
an action in the Supreme Court of this  
city to have the marriage annulled on  
the ground that his wife's first husband  
was living when she married him. The  
suit did not come to trial and it was  
never disposed of.

In the meantime Mrs. Suhrer's daughter  
had grown up to be a very beautiful  
girl, and Suhrer decided that he would  
rather have the daughter for his wife  
than the mother, and accordingly the  
daughter and Suhrer eloped to Westfield,  
Mass., where, it is alleged, they lived as  
man and wife for several years.

About five years ago Mrs. Suhrer, it is  
alleged, ascertained that her daughter  
and former husband were living together  
in Massachusetts. She went there and  
brought a criminal action against Suhrer  
for his relations with her daughter.  
Suhrer entered the defence that his mar-  
riage had a legal husband living, and was  
therefore not binding. The criminal ac-  
tion against Suhrer was dismissed, and  
a short time afterwards Suhrer married  
Catherine, the daughter of his former  
wife, with whom he had eloped.

Again Suhrer became the happy father  
of three children. The married life of  
the Suhrers did not prove a happy one,  
and last January Mrs. Suhrer, with her  
three children, left her husband and  
came to live with her mother in this  
city. When Suhrer found out where his  
wife was he came to this city and began  
the suit against his mother-in-law and  
former wife.

When Mr. Friend was seen by an  
Evening World reporter he said that he  
regretted exceedingly that the case  
had become public.

"I will not say a word regarding the  
mother," said Mr. Friend. "My client  
is a most estimable lady, and it would  
be very distasteful to her if I should  
discuss this matter for publication."

HIS AGED FLAME.

A Young Londoner Who Loved a Grandmother.

A QUEER CONSPIRACY CASE.

A London, Ont., despatch says: A sen-  
sational case came before Squire J. B.  
Smyth in the Interim Sessions room,  
when Viola Fellows, a married woman  
of 50 years, and Samuel Jeffrey, a young

SO THEY LIVED APART.

Reasons Why Many Divorces Have Been Granted.

One Man's Wife Would Not Go Walking  
With Him Sundays—John Hunter's Wife  
Gave an Unfortunate Party—La Bruyere  
Was Somewhat Cynical in His Estimate  
of the Married Condition—Wives, He  
Said, Give Their Husbands Daily Cause  
for Regret—Grounds for Separation.

We have heard a great deal in recent  
years, says the Chicago Times, about the  
shocking ease with which in this country  
the marriage tie can be legally dissolv-  
ed, but some of the cases in the latest  
law reports from the different States  
show that the half has never been told,  
and that, so far as the law goes, all of  
us have given our respective wives or  
husbands all the standing in a divorce  
court they could desire.

Had Mr. Socrates been wed in these  
happy days the divorce courts would  
have prevented Mme. Xantippe from  
pouring more than one bucketful of slop  
upon his offending head. At all events  
in a neighboring state the husband com-  
plained of the cruelty of his wife, and  
to sustain it proved that she had hit  
him in the face with her bustle, and the  
court thought that such ignominy en-  
titled him to a divorce.

In another case the husband complain-  
ed that his wife would not walk with  
him Sundays, and that she was forever  
trying to make him lose his temper;  
that on one occasion she

HEAVED A TEAPOT AT HIM

and hit him squarely on the jaw, and  
at another time she jerked out a bunch  
of his hair, which was filed as an ex-  
hibit in the case. He got his divorce.  
As did also another wretched bened-  
ict, who complained that his wife took  
all the covering off the bed and left him  
to shiver until morning, and that when  
he demonstrated with her she jumped on  
him with her knees and ran a needle into  
his arm.

It is related of John Hunter, the fam-  
ous English anatomist, that he came  
home one evening and found the house  
full of company, dancing. He halted in  
the middle of the room and looked sav-  
agely around: "I knew nothing of  
this kickup and ought to have been in-  
formed. As I have returned home for  
the purpose of study, I hope the present  
company will at once retire," which they  
did. A Missouri husband took a more  
polite way of disposing of an "unwelcome  
company. He came into court and com-  
plained that although he had been a  
good and loving husband for twenty-five  
years, nevertheless "his wife, rudely and  
maliciously designing and conspiring to

DISTURB HIS PEACE

and comfort," had recently become a  
convert to spiritualism, and had caused  
his home to become a resort for strange  
men, principally drummers, whose pre-  
sence was not congenial to him. The  
court agreed with him, and said he  
might take unto himself another wife.

La Bruyere, when asked his experience  
as to marriage, replied: "Few wives  
are so perfect that they do not give  
their husbands cause at least once a  
day to repent of matrimony." His opin-  
ion was confirmed by the testimony of  
an equally positive, though perhaps less  
noted husband, who swore he would  
rather go to hell than live another day  
with his spouse, and the court respected  
his preference. That was in a Western  
State, but the eastern courts have been  
equally lenient, and husbands have been  
given their liberty for apparently the  
most trifling causes. One, because his  
wife pulled him out of bed by the whis-  
kers; another because his wife refused  
to keep his clothing in repair and never  
sewed on any of his buttons or cooked  
his meals properly—in this case one  
of the witnesses testified that he had  
seen the plaintiff with

ONLY ONE BUTTON TO HIS VEST.

Plaintiff also testified that his wife  
would not allow him to go to fires at  
night, and that if he went she kept him  
awake the remainder of the night quar-  
relling. In another case the wife took a  
dose of laudanum, "solely to harass and  
vex plaintiff, and not at all for practi-  
cal purposes, thus giving plaintiff much  
purpose, thus giving plaintiff much  
mental anxiety and causing him to ex-  
pend large amounts of money for medi-  
cal services; and often, to vex this  
plaintiff, she would go to bed and re-  
main there for days at a time, and

is, herself—and should she  
deter. His Majesty intriguing with  
either of the palace ladies, the wretched  
female is promptly degraded and de-  
spatched to some remote district, or else  
succumbs to some rapid and mysterious  
illness."

The King has now quite a respectable  
income, as much, probably, as our Prince  
of Wales, but he is expected to carry  
on the business of the country with it.  
This is, however,

**GENERALLY CARRIED ON ON CREDIT.**  
Captain Cavendish gives an amusing  
instance of how the money goes. "Forced  
somewhat to keep pace with modern  
ideas, the King started a Royal Hos-  
pital, and when a foreign physician visited  
it he found that, although not a  
single patient had been admitted, during  
the nine months it had been opened,  
yet thirty-two choosahs (secretaries) and  
thirty servants, with all their families,  
were living on the premises! Also, in the  
progressive mood a Royal College was  
started, and a foreigner was obtained  
to teach in it; but after he had been  
there two years he was told he was no  
longer wanted, as native teachers now  
knew enough to do without him. Then  
came the problem, What was to be  
done with the deposed pedagogue? It  
was solved thus wisely. The Government  
kept him on for three years at  
double salary, but with no duties."

**COREA IS SO FERTILE AND RICH**  
in metals that, if the Government of the  
country gave it a chance, the people  
with their simple wants might be very  
well off. Here are some of the prod-  
ucts of Corea: The fertility of this  
valley surprised us, for we had  
been told that Coreans cultivated as  
little ground as possible; but here were  
rice fields in endless succession, giving  
promise of a good harvest, though the  
quality of the rice is not equal to the  
Japanese; excellent hemp in patches be-  
side the numerous small hamlets of two  
to six houses which we passed, each  
patch enough for the requirements of  
the owners, with a small margin for  
trading purposes; tobacco 7, or 8  
feet high, with long coarse leaves, bear-  
ing witness to the want of care in its  
cultivation; while castor-oil plants border-  
ed the garden plots of chil-  
dren.

**IN THE MARKET**, which we  
found, DEN. Larch house or collection  
of CE. flax, maize and cot-  
ton. Notice is here, of the small mil-  
lions, of the substitute  
section 36, of (1),  
1887, that all crops tall millet, Sues  
estate of Laura Dry- sorghum, with  
Camden in the County, and as thick  
to the Widow, executor of the test.  
7th day of October, A. D. 1880 golden  
send by post (prepaid) or to Mr. J. from  
Doroche & Madden, of the town of  
the County of Lennox and Addington, and  
for the said John, executor of the test.  
Testament of the said Laura Dryde  
on or before the 1st day of

**11th day of December**  
their names, address, and station of  
claimants, duly sworn, at Worcester-shire  
any, by their attorneys, had their  
the said executor, gourd, while here  
assets of the said of melons. In the  
among the day off the road, we  
being had on pears, pear, persimmon,  
and pears, given in those on the road  
very and we come across any.  
All the except Ham-heung pears,  
was hard, dry and tasteless."

Some idea of the varied products of  
the country, and of the evil days which  
must have befallen it before it was too  
poor to pay up, may be formed, from  
Captain Cavendish's amusing resume of  
the "Tribute to China and Japan." "A  
curious little book, by a Japanese, which  
I bought in Yokohama, in giving ex-  
tracts from the history of Corea, states  
that the

**TRIBUTE PAID TO JAPAN**

for many years consisted of one gold  
box containing ginseng, three beautiful  
horses, forty white falcons, one gold  
casket ornamented with pearls and  
other precious stones, which contained  
rolls or letters in the Korean language,  
and forty tiger skins, the hair of which  
was a finger long; while the tribute  
to China, which she no longer enforces,  
owing to the poverty of her vassal, was  
100 ounces of gold, 1,000 ounces of sil-  
ver, 10,000 sacks of rice, 2,000 pieces of  
silk, 800 pieces of linen, 10,000 pieces of  
drill or cotton, 400 pieces of flax cloth,  
1,000 rolls of two leaves each of large  
paper, 1,000 rolls of small paper, 2,  
000 good knives, 1,000 bullocks' horns,  
40 mats with designs, 200 pounds of  
dried wood, 10 bushels of pepper, 100  
tiger skins, 100 deer skins, 400 beaver  
skins and 200 blue mole skins."

The Inns in which the Coreans take  
their rest are made insufferable to Euro-  
peans with the suffocating atmosphere  
produced by the "kang." The "kang"  
is a simple and inexpensive

**WAY OF WARMING THE HOUSE**  
universal in Corea. A small fire of

Power. Was Executed for Murder.

John Billington (then spelled Billinton)  
was executed for murder in 1630. In  
the enumeration of the Mayflower pas-  
sengers made by one of their number,  
Gov. William Bradford, is the following  
entry:

"John Billinton, and Elen, his wife;  
and 2 sons, John & Francis."

In 1650, or thirty years subsequent to  
the landing of the Mayflower, Gov. Brad-  
ford, in taking "a view of the decreas-  
ings and increasings of these persons,  
and such changes as hath passed over  
them & theirs, in this thirty years," re-  
fers to John Billington in these words:  
"John Billinton, after he had been  
here 10 years, was executed for killing a  
man; and his eldest son dyed before  
him; but his 2-sons are alive and married,  
& hath 8. children."

Gov. Bradford, in his "History of Ply-  
mouth Plantation," thus refers to the  
circumstances attending Billington's  
crime, trial and execution:

"This year (1630) John Billinton, ye  
elder (one that came over with ye first),  
was arraigned, and both by grand and  
petie jurie found guilty of wilful murder,  
by plaine and notorious evidence, and  
was for the same accordingly execu-  
ted. This, as it was ye first execution  
amongst them, so it was a matter of  
great sadness unto them. They used  
all due means about his triale, and tooke  
ye advice of Mr. Winthrop and others  
ye ablest gentlemen in ye Bay of ye  
Massachusetts, and were then newly come  
over, who concured with them yt he  
ought to die, and ye land be purged  
from blood. He and some of his had  
often been punished for miseriages before,  
being one of ye profane families  
amongst them. They came from London,  
and I know not by what friends  
shuffled into their company. His facte  
was, that he waylaid a young man, one  
John New-comin (about a former  
quarrel,) and shot him with a gune,  
whereof he dyed."

The ancient Hubbard, in his "His-  
tory of New England," says: "The  
murderer expected that, either for  
want of power to execute for capital  
offences, or for want of people to in-  
crease the plantations, he (Billington)  
should have his life spared; but just  
otherwise determined, and rewarded him,  
the first murderer of his neighbor there,  
with the deserved punishment of death  
for a warning to others."

The criminal seems to have been a  
troublesome fellow in the settlement,  
for "the first offenses committed in the  
colony was by Billington, in 1621, who,  
for contempt of the captain's speech,  
was adjudged to have his neck and heels  
tied together."

**A DEATHED MARRIAGE.**

**A Dying Father Eager to See His Daughter  
Wedded.**

A Canandaigua despatch says: Alfred  
W. Alverson died Saturday morning of  
paralysis of the heart. Mr. Alverson  
was 64 years old and had lain at the  
point of death for several weeks past.  
He was a member of the Presbyterian  
Church, and also of the A. O. U. W.

A remarkable incident attended Mr. Al-  
verson's last hours. On the evening be-  
fore he died he rallied from an uncon-  
scious state for a few minutes and  
faintly told his attendants that before  
he died he would like to see his only  
daughter, Cora, married. She had  
been engaged to Mr. Dunlop, of Victor,  
for some time, and the couple were to  
have been married previously, but the  
wedding day was postponed, owing to  
Mr. Alverson's illness. His request was  
granted, and in a short time the Rev.  
J. W. Hill, of the Presbyterian Church,  
arrived and, in the presence of the phy-  
sicians attending Mr. Alverson and a few  
friends by the dying man's bedside, he  
performed the ceremony.

**TO MIX MUSTARD**

Mix mustard with water that has been  
boiled and allowed to cool; hot water  
destroys its essential properties. Put  
the mustard in a cup with a small  
pinch of salt, and mix with it very  
gradually sufficient boiled water to  
make it drop from the spoon without  
being watery. Stir and rub smooth;  
then add to a teaspoonful of the mustard  
two tablespoonfuls of good sharp vine-  
gar and a scant teaspoonful of sugar.  
A teaspoonful of horse-radish or tarra-  
gon vinegar may be added to the above  
if liked, or mustard may be flavored  
with celery or shallots, though it is  
not customary in this country to add  
any flavoring to mustard, the flavor  
of the mustard itself being considered

**A QUEER CONSPIRACY CASE.**

A London, Ont., despatch says: A sen-  
sational case came before Squire J. B.  
Smyth in the Interim Sessions room,  
when Viola Fellows, a married woman  
of 50 years, and Samuel Jeffrey, a young  
man of 20, appeared to answer the  
charge of conspiracy to injure Adin  
Fellows, husband of the female prisoner,  
and also stealing a quantity of furniture.  
Adin Fellows lives in London West, and  
until recently his wife resided with him,  
the prisoner Jeffrey boarding with them.  
About two weeks ago Adin was locked up  
for being drunk, and on being released  
found his house closed, his wife, the two  
children, the boarder and the furniture  
having disappeared. A short search lo-  
cated young Jeffrey, Mrs. Fellows, the  
children and the belongings in a small  
house on the 13th concession of London.

At the preliminary examination to-day  
it came out that the husband was kept  
supplied with beer by the pair, and that  
he was also dosed with morphia pills  
when he was inclined to be troublesome.  
The drayman who moved Fellows' fur-  
niture gave testimony, and other wit-  
nesses showed that Jeffrey and Mrs.  
Fellows passed as brother and sister  
while they lived together.

A most ludicrous love letter, supposed  
to have been written by the youth to  
Mrs. Fellows (who, by the way, is a  
grandmother) is among the documents in  
the case. Prisoners were committed for  
trial.

**ASSAULTED BY THREE FIENDS.**

**A Young Girl Kidnapped and Outraged by  
a Trio of brutes.**

A New York despatch says: Elizabeth  
Schmidt, a good-looking 15-year-old Ger-  
man girl, who is unable to speak Eng-  
lish, was found this afternoon, wander-  
ing about near West Farms in a half-  
dazed condition. She was taken to the  
police station, where she told a story  
that would be hard to believe were it  
not borne out by the confession of one  
of the persons whom she accuses.

The girl said that she lived with her  
uncle, Henry Mayer. On Friday after-  
noon she went to West Farms with him  
to see a friend. While Mayer was in  
the shop she wandered a short distance  
along the road. A man approached her  
and asked her to take a walk with him.  
She declined and turned back, where-  
upon two other men confronted her.

Before she could make any outcry  
they seized her and bore her into the  
bushes. She struggled to get free, but  
two of the men held her while the third  
gagged her. Then the three took her to  
an unoccupied house, where they assau-  
lted her.

William E. Sherwood, a West Farms  
carpenter, was arrested to-day, and ad-  
mitted the truth of the girl's story. He  
confessed his part in the crime. Christo-  
pher Bischoff and Henry Murfit have  
also been locked up. They admit hav-  
ing been with Sherwood and the Schmidt  
girl.

**MODERN PROVERBS AND WISE BITS.**

An idle man hurts any cause.  
Only the vulgar are overpolite.  
Good service is generally silent.  
Labor's capital draws no interest.  
The pennies take care of the dollars.  
Good manners require no interpreter.  
It is easier to lose ten jobs than to find one.  
Laws made for the few steal from the many.  
Only a thief's title goes with what one finds.  
One-man dogmas have founded many creeds.  
There is much pointed argument in a bayonet.  
Even the thunder growls at the weather clerk.  
Pirates' treasures are hidden in credulous skulls.  
The man with no feet has a right to do the most kicking.  
Most any man will take advice if there's medicine in it.  
The tallest being on earth is the boy in his first pair of boots.  
Will some one please name a greater evangelist than the inventor of soap?  
Man combines the traits of all the other animals, and is often the biggest brute in the whole lot.  
The versatility and verbosity of gab, which says the same thing in many ways is often mistaken for oratory.  
Fanny Crosby, the blind Methodist hymn writer, is now 70 years of age. She has written about 8,000 Sunday school hymns, many of which are widely known. She was born at South East, N. Y., in 1828, and lost her sight when six weeks old through the ignorant application of a warm poultice to her

vex plaintiff, and not at all for practi-  
cal purposes, thus giving plaintiff much  
purpose, thus giving plaintiff much  
mental anxiety and causing him to ex-  
pend large amounts of money for medi-  
cal services; and often, to vex this  
plaintiff, she would go to bed, and re-  
main there for days at a time, and  
upon one occasion when he asked her to  
cook breakfast she was so enraged at  
the suggestion that she took up all the  
dishes and smashed them on the kitchen  
floor. Once, too, she hurled all the din-  
ner dishes out of the window because  
plaintiff sowed grass seed in August.

Another case is reported which may  
serve as a valuable precedent, in due  
course of time, for a certain notorious  
congressman, for the court granted the  
husband a divorce because it was shown  
that on the day before the wedding the  
wife's brother "was

**AFTER HIM WITH A PISTOL.**

Another victim alleges that on his bridal  
trip from New York defendant met a  
German on the train, with whom she  
fell in love at sight; that she sat on  
the same seat with said German all the  
way to Chicago, kissing him and en-  
twined in his arms. This conduct caused  
the plaintiff great mental anguish,  
"whereof he files this his bill of com-  
plaint and asks for such relief as he  
may be entitled to in the premises." He  
got it.

The same courts have granted husbands  
relief because their wives refused to  
awake them in time for work; because  
they threw scalding tea in their faces;  
because "defendant has almost driven  
plaintiff crazy with incessant quarrel-  
ing when he is weary with his day's  
labor and wishes to sleep;" because  
"defendant violently upbraided plain-  
tiff and said to him 'you are no man  
at all, thus causing him great mental  
anguish and suffering;" because "de-  
fendant belonged to a peculiar sect  
called 'the Brotherhood of the New  
Life,' one of whose tenets was that a  
man should not hold marital relations  
with his wife unless given a permit to  
do so by the chief of the sect." Hus-  
band had applied for such permit from  
the chief, who not only refused it, but,  
on the contrary, forbade the wife from  
staying with him for three years.

**MISCELLANEOUS CAUSES.**

If the courts appeared to have been  
unnecessarily merciful to men blessed  
with undesirable wives, what shall be  
said of the gallant readiness with which  
they have acceded to the demands of  
wives weary of their husbands. Di-  
vorces have been granted to the wife:  
Because husband slept with a razor  
under his pillow.  
Because husband abused her for having  
the toothache and getting her tooth  
pulled.  
Because after twenty-seven years of  
married bliss husband said to her "you  
are old and worn out; I do not want  
you any longer."  
Because she had to black husband's  
boots while he made love to his moth-  
er-in-law.  
Because husband drank paregoric by  
the bottle and thereby grieved plaintiff  
in body and mind.  
Because husband made wife cat when  
she was not hungry and threw a skillet  
of hot potatoes at her.  
Because husband used tobacco and ag-  
gravated her sick headache.  
Because husband threatened to "knock  
her d-d head off" for not keeping chick-  
ens out of the kitchen.  
Because "defendant by force and  
arms" cut off plaintiff's bangs.  
Because husband pinched her nose until  
it became red, causing her great mortifi-  
cation and anguish.  
Because husband never cut his toe  
nails, "causing plaintiff to be scratched  
very severely every night, especially as  
he was restless."  
Because defendant refused to let her go  
to church.  
Because husband after marriage never  
offered to take her out riding as he did  
in his courting days.  
Because defendant was always quoting  
verses from the Bible about wives obey-  
ing their husbands.  
Because husband wrote plaintiff a let-  
ter saying: "If you love me, Mary, I  
ever did love me, you will do me the  
kindness to sue for a divorce as soon as  
possible. There is a woman here whom  
I think I could love."  
Miss B—, to spite her guardian and  
get control of her property as a widow,  
went to a hospital and married a man  
supposed to be dying. The man failed  
to die and she brought suit for cruelty  
and fraud. It was not granted where  
applied for, though in some States there  
would have been no difficulty.  
The thickness of a hair from the hu-  
man head varies from 1-250 to 1-600  
part of an inch. Red hair is the coarsest  
and blonde hair the finest.



## A MAN AT THE SUMMER RESORT.

I do not know a marlin-spike from spin-  
nakers or booms;  
I do know yachts have cabins, 'stead of  
halls and dining-rooms;  
But keels and centreboards and tacks,  
and all such things, to me  
Are one great aggregated lump of purest  
mystery.

I do not know a nocturne from an ora-  
torio;  
The difference 'twixt a trumpet, a trom-  
bone and piccolo  
I never knew; in fact, I must confess, I  
really can't  
Deny, that in all music I am very igno-  
rant.

A sonnet, far as I'm concerned, can have  
ten thousand lines;  
I have no notion what it is that poetry  
combines;  
I can't converse on topics that most peo-  
ple read about;  
In matters literary I must be accounted  
out.

In short, I cannot say that I have mas-  
tered anything;  
I have no taste for pictures or for songs  
that people sing,  
I couldn't drive a horse a foot; I'm very  
timid, too,  
But I'm the most sought after man that  
ever came to view.

The yachting maids adore me, and the  
music maids likewise;  
The girls who read stop reading when I  
come before their eyes;  
And this is why: my ignorance my prog-  
ress never deterred.  
For I can dance the two-step as divinely  
as a bird.

## LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pas-  
ture  
Up through the long, shady lane,  
Where the quail whistles loud in the  
wheat field,  
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find in the thick, waving grasses  
Where the scarlet-dipped strawberry  
And the earliest snow-drops  
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,  
They gather the elder blossoms white,  
They find where the dusky grapes purple  
In the soft-tinted autumn light,  
They know where the apples hang ripest,  
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;  
They know where the fruit is the thick-  
est.

On the long, thorny blackberry vines,  
They gather the delicate sea weeds,  
And build tiny castles of sand;  
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—  
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree  
tops,  
Where the oriole's hammock nest  
swings.

And at night, time are folded in slumber  
By songs that a fond mother sings.  
Those who toil bravely are strongest;  
The humble and poor become great;  
And from those brown-handed children  
Shall grow mighty rulers of State.  
The pen of the author and statesman,  
The noble and wise of our land,  
The sword and the chisel and palette  
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

## ASPIRATION.

Our Father, while our hearts unlearn  
The creeds that wrong thy name,  
Still let our hallowed altars burn  
With Faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath  
Our souls thy face shall see;  
The star of love must light the path  
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will  
Through every darkening stain  
That clouds his sacred image still,  
And see him once again.

The brother man, the pitying friend,  
Who weeps for human woes,  
Whose pleading words of pardon blend  
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt  
Our hearts grow faint and cold,  
The strength we cannot live without  
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept, our sins forgive,  
Our youthful zeal renew,  
Shape us for holier lives to live,  
And nobler works to do.

—O. W. Holmes.

## A HARDWAREMAN COURTS THE MUSE.

They built a fine church at his very  
door—

"He wasn't in it."

They brought him a scheme for the relief  
of the poor—

"He wasn't in it."

"Let them work for themselves as he had  
done;  
And they wouldn't ask help of anyone,  
if they hadn't wasted each golden min-

# A FAIR MAIDEN'S NO.

## The Story of an Unprecedented Courtship and a Betrayed Trust.

(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

"No. My barbarism, as Mrs. Bellows would call it, has indeed grown milder. While about to cross Broadway in the region of the City Hall that morning I came face to face with a distressing accident. A crowd had quickly formed; I saw a white face and a limp, girlish figure between the helping arms of two men. It is quite probable that I pushed my way straight to the poor creature, for in a flash her anguish was plain to me. She was suffering horribly from a dislocated shoulder and from other bruises beside. But she bore herself with wonderful firmness; the pathos of her simple fortitude thrilled me. I suppose that I soon became rather assertive. I directed the men who supported her to lose no time in getting her away from that dreadful rabble, and a gigantic but urbane policeman aided me. Our place of shelter was a druggist's, luckily near. There we awaited the coming of an ambulance; and meanwhile I saw, past doubt, that this girl, whose name is Charlotte Storr, was enduring a frightful ordeal. It was agony for her to stand, for her to sit, for her to breathe. Before the ambulance got to us the chemist of the place did an intelligent and merciful thing. He gave her ether and put the shoulder bone into place. She was terribly weak and faint when she awoke, but the intensity of her pain had passed.

We got her into the ambulance, and then I remember that my recent donations to the Van Styne Hospital up-town would enable me to have her conveyed there and treated with great regard. A letter quickly pencilled effected all that. Poor Charlotte is now at the same hospital.

"And you have visited her?"

"Yes, I —"

Breaking short off at the beginning of his next sentence, Carroll got up from his chair and slowly crossed the floor of the library, with head lowered, with hands folded behind his back. Return- ing, he seated himself in a chair, still nearer to that of Channing.

"You asked me about the girl's personal looks," he said, with that expression of almost severe thoughtfulness which his friend had not seldom witnessed of old. "She is not handsome or even pretty. Her stature is of medium height; she has a fresh colored face, a rich, prompt smile, a pair of courageous brown eyes, a glossy bounty of dark hair, moderately well formed features, teeth symmetric and pure, a broad, candid forehead, and there every notable point in her portrait might easily end. But it would be fair also to tell of her that she has a figure well knit and supple, and that neither this not the healthful moulding of her arm and wrist has yet disclosed that fatal tendency to leanness so many New York working girls, of those whom I have thus far seen, almost without exception betray."

Amused from his standpoint as a man of the world, and impressed from that of long and minute acquaintance with the speaker of these unexpected and oddly suggestive words, Channing got up and lighted for himself a second cigarette. During this time he felt that his friend's eyes were fixed with a sort of vague perturbation upon his face, and that the least implication of frivolity might now undo him as the recipient of further untrammelled confidences.

"Upon my word," said Channing, with what might have been termed artistic demureness, "you describe the young lady as a very charming person. You make her so engagingly human, you know—so exempt from that tiresome perfection which one is wont to encounter in the heroines of most adventurous episodes like this."

And then, swiftly, Channing perceived that he had fallen into the very mistake which he had wished to shun. A chiding change in Carroll's face told him this.

"Charlotte is not a young lady, Cham- mers, any more than she is a heroine. She is just a working girl, as I told you. For her bravery in the presence of danger and bodily torment, these, I imagine, are not at all unique. There

an almost equal spell of curiosity, dread, expectancy and suspicion, he faltered:

"What is the right word?"

"It is possible," said Carroll, with great composure, "I am resolved one day to make Charlotte Storr my wife."

Channing sprang to his feet. "You can't mean what you've just said, Carroll!"

"I mean every word of it, Chalmers." And then, with dry sedateness: "Can't you express your doubt as well sitting as standing?"

Here I am," breathed Channing, confusedly, "back in my chair." After a pause he proceeded: "It's one of your ideas."

"You're right. It is one of my ideas."

"You're not in love with a girl of that class—you?"

"No, I'm not in love with her."

Channing spoke with the flush of excitement now. "Remember, you told me—and not so long ago either—that you were in love with Philippa Chadwick."

"I told you the truth."

"Of course you did. How could you tell anything else? And I believed then, as I believe now, that she cared for you a hundredfold more than she ever cared for Wintrop Rutgers."

Faling visibly, Carroll said: "The girl never has cared for me, Chalmers. Of that I am inflexibly certain."

"Ah!" Here Channing drew a great sigh and sank backward. "Very well. You still love Philippa, and yet you contemplate marrying a—"

"working girl! It isn't like you to marry one woman, loving another. But to marry—like that!" He threw both hands into the air, and closed his eyes with a faint shiver.

The voice of Carroll came to him, calm, clear and strong. "Listen, Cham- mers! I see in Charlotte Storr a good, large-hearted girl. It is my wish to marry. She is still very young, and the chances are that she has yet formed no attachment. In a little while I intend to tell her that if at the end of three years she will consent to become my wife, I will be her faithful and affectionate husband. More than this I cannot say; more than this I shall not say. But during those three years I desire to give her valuable advantages of culture, polish, refinement. She shall have instructors who will make her, as the phrase runs, a lady. In a sense, you were right when you spoke of me as her benefactor. That I aim to become—that, and a great deal more. You may think all this very cold-blooded and theoretical. Grant that it is both. But the charitable element—I may even add the democratic and humane element—pleases me in its exploitation. After all, life has its finer sorts of egotism. Indeed, can we escape egotism by even the most disin- terested and altruistic acts? It is no greater an authority than the spiritual Plato himself who says—"

"Oh, to the devil with Plato! No, Carroll, of course, I don't mean that! But really, this planned-out course of yours in experimental matrimony almost passes credence!"

"It has caused you great perturbation, surely."

"And why not? It's—it's monstrous! Why suppose you carry the whole thing through! Suppose you give this girl your protection, engaging for her tutors and governesses galore! What, at the end, will people say of the entire proceeding?"

"They can circulate calumnies, if you mean that, Chalmers."

"Oh, Carroll, be dissuaded in time! Sow your charities elsewhere. If you could only give this girl your affection, give it her by a less romantic and extravagant course of action. Were she born in your own sphere, I would say nothing. Then you could get some personal friend, some lady, to be her protectress. But now—oh, take my counsel—(Channing was at his friend's side, and clasping his hand before he ended)—take it, in God's name, and don't deport yourself, however sincerely, after a fashion which the whole world would ridicule and coin scandal out of, to your own future wretchedness and harm."

dened her cheeks and wavered pink along the faint-veined interspace between temples and brow. "I guess you don't want me to say why it couldn't. I guess you'll understand. If you'd do what you could, sir, to get me back into the Worth street factory, provided I'd been crowded out by the time I was all right again, I'd thank you from the bottom of my heart! But it's give me so much aid as that would have to be the end of everything."

Her voice died wistfully away. It was plain that she thought her explanation had been the most lamentable failure. She avoided Carroll's eyes as he began to reply, but before he had spoken three sentences she looked at him with will wonderment.

"You shall have plenty of time to think," Carroll said. "You shall have, days and days, if you want them; under know how strange it must all strike you."

It had meanwhile struck another, son as more than strange—as was, and absurdly ludicrous. Channing's to be to the Lexington's ball in a dazed by irritated one or two feminine friends his abstraction. He got back, as, no rooms a little after midnight, he guar- by the requirements of a neglect- ticle for a popular review. The script should have been furnished editors five or six weeks ago, and while still wanted two or three thou- words of completion. Being in despair with his work like this had despo, could ly seemed to him, of late, as his own condition: He sat now at his desk, pen crawling over his paper rather speeding over it, as he des. Car- amazing folly formed a set are annoyed rent of his thoughts. He was trying to ef- pediment, or another, his houses. From with silent despair, police should deal hectic and these unmitigated nuis- the cap. Example was made of some of kind. It would prove a salutary lesson to other members of the fraternity to steer clear of Napanee in the future.

A. S. Kimmerly is selling immense quantities of Kewatin Flour.

serving cases?

nasalage! Society weak or defective, have failing. Society the defect corrected place, cafes nothing your eyesight, and wonders if a following of spectacles, is no girl, after all. My R. us. We have in distrust me, and in scepticism, with all the of me, since what as there is no tion. Always has its chrym not take ad- ginative. And here is a BROS. Courtaene, with his superbly space, come, who might marry the maiden in town, going and ing himself like the 'jeune prety' of an eccentric farce. Was there a twinge of madness? and he doesn't even love me there's the infernal nonsense change! he had gone daft about her loom! had found himself shuddering at hated tax it would have been a difference of air. But to combine charity and me a yen in this style of stupendous and to Did ever democracy turn a mis- gen- erational somersault? And yet I Carroll that right to the core of his be- Carroll is as perfectly free from the old of affection as though he were a. ing some cheque for the last me. ant who had appealed to him."

Several more days elapsed before Channing again met his friend, Carroll then appeared in his study, discover- ing him at noon in an open jacket, with an open book on the desk at which he sat, and some slips of paper on which not a word had been written. "My dear Carroll!" he cried, with a fervent hand-shake. "Now, don't think I've just breakfasted. Please don't." "I won't, Chalmers. I didn't come to spy upon your daily habits."

"Thanks. Of course, you couldn't. Let me wheel this big chair for you into the sunshine; I know how you love the sunshine. Really, I have reformed, Carroll; I went to bed last night at half-past eleven."

"I think that rather late. But, never mind. It's a good beginning."

"So far," growled Channing, "it's proved a very bad one. I've resolved to write solely in the morning. Result—empty pages." And he gave a despair- ing gesture toward his desk. "Not an idea has come to me for two hours. In wrath and self-contempt I have been reading a rather trashy French romance. And you, my boy, you look as fresh as if you had risen at 6 and glori- ed in the morality of your act."

Carroll, who had seated himself was slowly pulling off his gloves.

I rose somewhat later, Chalmers, but, still, I've had time to accomplish some- thing."

"Very important, I suppose."

"He wasn't in it."  
"Let them work for themselves as he had done."  
"And they wouldn't ask help of anyone, if they hadn't wasted each golden minute."  
"He wasn't in it."  
But a carriage crept down the street one day—  
"He was in it."  
The funeral trappings made a fine display—  
"He was in it."  
Saint Peter met him with book and bell.  
"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to —, well,  
Your elevator goes down in a minute."  
"He was in it."  
—Parson Sam Haines.

#### RED SUITS THE WEST.

Any color, so long as it's red,  
Is the color that suits me best,  
Though I will allow there is much to be said  
For yellow and green and the rest;  
But the feeling that which some affect  
In the things they make or buy  
Have never—I say it with all respect—  
Appealed to my critical eye.  
There's that in red that warmeth the blood,  
And quickeneth a man within,  
And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud  
The germs of original sin;  
So, though I'm properly born and bred,  
I'll own with a certain zest,  
That any color, so long as it's red,  
Is the color that suits me best.  
For where is a color that can compare  
With the blush of a buxom lass;  
Or where such warmth as of the hair  
Of the genuine white horse class?  
And I'd reflected within this cup  
Of cherry Bordeaux I see  
What inspiration girdeth me up—  
Yes, red is the color for me!

Through acres and acres of art I've strayed  
In Italy, Germany, France;  
On many a picture a master has made  
I've squandered a passing glance;  
Marines I hate, madonnas and  
Those Dutch freaks I detest;  
But the peerless daubs of my native land—  
They're red, and I like them best.  
'Tis little I care how folks deride—  
I'm backed by the west at least;  
And we are free to say that we can't abide  
The tastes that obtain down east;  
And we're mighty proud to have it said  
That here in the versatile west  
Most any color, so long as it's red,  
Is the color that suits us best.

—Eugene Field.

#### THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.

There's a beautiful Garden of Dreams,  
That one finds as the daylight dies,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams  
O'er saffron-tinted skies.  
Where the mignonette sedately spreads  
Its vaguely-sweet perfume,  
And stately lilies rear their heads  
And chaste white roses bloom.  
O, the air it is soft and the birds up aloft  
Seem to carol a singing refrain,  
That tells their delight that the  
earth, for to-night,  
With its woes, is forgotten again,  
And the angels are smiling a good-by  
to grief.  
In the mystical silence, it seems,  
And a soul that was weary has found  
its relief.  
In this beautiful Garden of Dreams,  
There's a beautiful Garden of Dreams,  
That one finds as the eyelids close,  
Where, amid the glad sunbeams,  
A shadowy corner, as purely fair  
As moonbeams of the south,  
With burnished coils of chon hair  
And a cleft rose for a mouth,  
It's a face of the past that may only  
be last.  
In this Garden of Dreamland exist,  
And must vanish from sight with the  
death of the night.  
In the morning's contemptible mist,  
But fair is the dawn in the sun's purple  
ways.  
And yet, to my thinking, it seems,  
I would not exchange a whole life-  
time of days  
For my beautiful Garden of Dreams.  
—Town Topics.

#### CONTENTMENT.

He sits by the window under the shade  
Of the rose with honeysuckle entwined,  
When the falling shades of the esplanade  
With a delicate tracing of gold are  
lined.  
The sun sinks down in the gilded west,  
Lighting his face with its parting  
beams,  
While a calm, sweet measure of perfect  
rest  
Illumes the joy of his passing dreams.  
He sits and dreams—why should he not?  
For the last dread care of the day hath  
fled—  
And out in the grime of the old back lot  
His wife is weeding the onion bed.

here, any more than she is a heroine.  
She is just a working girl, as I told  
you. For her bravery in the presence  
of danger and bodily torment, these, I  
imagine, are not at all unique. There  
are no doubt hundreds of other girls  
here whom hardship has trained in the  
same discipline of fine, uncomplaining  
endurance."  
Something in Carroll's tones now both  
fascinated and astounded his friend.  
He felt that even his great respect for  
Carroll had not kept him from treating  
lightly a tale which the atmosphere of  
his own time and environment would  
have caused him to hear with half-  
ridiculing smiles, if almost anyone  
save the earnest and deep-living nar-  
rator had recounted it. But now he be-  
came at once critical and deferential,  
attentive and considerate. Not a tint of  
badinage colored his next sentence.  
"You tell me that you have visited  
her since the accident?"  
"Yes; three times."  
"So often—already?"  
"I have done more," Carroll went  
quietly on. "I have been to her home,  
a tenement house in Essex street, and  
one surprisingly neat and well kept.  
There they had only good things to say  
of her. For three years she had  
struggled nobly to keep herself honest  
and chaste. I found the same kindly  
verdict given by her employers at the  
great factory in Worth street, where  
she had worked. Her resolution and  
pluck have been as fine as they were  
uncomplaining. She has had a tragic  
history, briefly enough to be summa-  
rized."

"She is quite alone in the world?"  
"She is absolutely alone in the world.  
Not long ago she was one of three  
children in a happy and thrifty fam-  
ily. Her sister died suddenly; her  
brother was killed by falling through a  
hatchway of a great warehouse; soon  
afterwards both her parents were taken  
ill, and in less than a year later she  
had become an orphan."  
"Horrible!" shuddered Channing.  
"Worse things are happening every  
day. Charlotte was then 15 years old.  
Her father left about \$6,000 of hard-  
earned savings, which his only brother,  
and also his only known relation,  
scampishly stole, flying the country with  
his shameful booty. Ever since then  
the girl has fought for her bread. It  
seems to have been a very hardy and  
womanly fight. She is now 18. Till her  
parents died she went to a public  
school, and here (as she has very  
modestly, yet distinctly, assured me)  
her proficiency in all her studies won  
her the best sort of place and praise. I  
should call her—as I am certain that  
you, too, would call her—a young  
woman of fairly good educational gifts.  
I don't wish to imply by this, Chalmers,  
that she has what are generally termed  
the manners of a lady. Constant toil  
and constant association with toilers  
would, of course, make such a result  
impossible."

"I see, Carroll. Impossible—natu-  
rally."  
"But the culture which might change  
her into a lady need not by any means  
be a difficult process."  
"N—no," answered Channing. In the  
silence that ensued certain curious  
thoughts darted through his mind. A  
meditative look had possessed Carroll's  
face, and his eyes were broodingly low-  
ered. In his eyelid despair of having the  
converse resumed by his companion, he  
ventured to give his restrained yet re-  
tective curiosity a touch of the spur.  
"And her condition now? Is the ac-  
cident one from which she will soon re-  
cover?"  
Carroll glanced upward, becoming in a  
trice his usual alert self.  
"They say at the hospital that she  
will be all right at the end of two  
weeks. The shock has unstrung her,  
and she has a few bad bruises. But  
her dislocated shoulder also testifies to  
the skill that that down town apothecary,"  
(Carroll did not mention by the way,  
that he had rewarded both the skill and  
promptitude of this person by a cheque  
for \$200.) "She is now able to sit up  
for hours at a time, and when I next  
see her I expect that she will be no  
longer in the least sense a real invalid."

Channing had finished his second cigar-  
ette. He threw its red-verged little  
residue into the grate. He felt like  
lighting another, but did not. His long  
intimacy with Carroll had taught him  
many things concerning the nature of  
this man, some of whose very oddities  
he had grown to admire, even to venerate.  
"Well, Carroll? And all this means,  
I suppose, your intention of proving  
yourself hereafter the benefactor of  
Charlotte Storr?"  
"Benefactor is not the right word,  
Chalmers."

Channing felt his nerves tingle. Under  
take it, in God's name, and don't de-  
port yourself, however sincerely, after  
ridicule and coin scandal out of, to  
your own future wretchedness and her's  
besides!"  
But Carroll was in love with his new  
purpose, though not by any means in  
love with the girl whom he had be-  
friended. It is true, her bright and  
genuine personality had strongly  
charmed him. Still, those words of  
Channing's had lingered in his ears,  
and haunted him all the next day. They  
haunted him while he sat beside Char-  
lotte in the prim, cleanly room of the  
hospital ward to which she had been  
consigned. "Were she born in your  
own sphere I would say nothing. Then  
you could get some personal friend,  
some lady, to be her protectress."  
He found Charlotte deeply grateful,  
but not in any servile degree. Her fresh-  
ness of coloring, vivid smile, and that  
warmth of tone with which even the  
most ordinary speech left her lips, of-  
fered sharp contrast to her maimed and  
enfeebled state. It seemed to Carroll,  
as he now watched her, that she was  
born solely for energy and action. To  
see her weak and wounded was like see-  
ing some strong, sleek seabird with a  
broken wing.  
"I'm ever so much better," she said,  
with hearty cheerfulness. "They all  
say that I've done splendid so far, and  
that there ain't any fear of my going  
back."  
"That is pleasant news."  
"And, oh, everything here is so nice  
and neat and lovely! I just want to  
kiss some of the nurses! Look at this  
beautiful wool wrapper, Mr. Courtaine.  
I feel so comfortable in it! And they  
let me sleep ever so late in the morn-  
ings. I wake up and think to myself,  
'Oh, mercy, it's time I was washed and  
dressed for work!' And then I recollect!"  
Here her eyes gave forth moist  
hazel gleams, though no tears fell from  
them. "And it's such relief to let my-  
self doze on and behave as if it were  
Sunday morning at home, in my own  
poor little room. Only it's mighty dif-  
ferent, I can tell you! Why, I'm like  
a grand lady here!"  
"And more contented, I hope," smiled  
Carroll, "than a good many grand  
ladies."  
He was very direct, very explicit. His  
voice was low, his manner secure, col-  
lected, unemotional. It did not take him  
long to go from the alpha to the omega  
of his designed revelation.  
She listened to him at first with a  
look of fright. Then this died away,  
and her brows became knit in a per-  
plexed stare, as though she thought the  
speaker might be mad. Carroll read in  
her this doubt, or something presuma-  
bly like it, and burst out laughing.  
"You are strangely astonished; I can  
see that."  
He had got through it all by this  
time; there was hardly anything left  
for him to elucidate.  
"I—I'm thunderstruck," she stam-  
mered. She lifted one hand, and mo-  
mentarily covered her eyes with it.  
Then once more she looked at him.  
"You can't be serious, sir—you can't."  
"I am. I mean every word that I've  
spoken. When three years have passed  
I will claim you, if you will let me  
claim you, as my wife."  
"Three years! Three years!"  
She drooped her head, and then, with  
abrupt impetuosity, lifted it. "I can't  
give you any answer," she broke forth,  
with alarm and distress both shining  
in her ingenuous gaze. "I—I must have  
time to think. It's too sudden; it has  
taken my breath away."  
Her face saddened. "If 'twasn't for  
worryment, sir—the dread about my  
lost place and future work to be got,  
and all that."  
"You spoke in the same way yester-  
day. I told you then that you need  
have no fear, and that you had gone  
through darker days than any that will  
hereafter dawn upon you."  
Her face sobered. He saw her lips  
tremble slightly before she answered him.  
"I know what you mean, Mr. Cour-  
taine. I've thought out what you must  
mean. You're very good. A person's  
only got to look well at you and study  
your face a bit to see just how good  
you are. And everybody here that  
knows you thinks just as I do. They  
say, too, that you're very rich, and  
that you're monstrous generous be-  
side. I've had a sample of how gener-  
ous you can be, and how full of pity  
and help. But, excuse me, sir, please,  
if I don't put it in the smoothest words  
—if I put it awkward and a little blunt  
—the sort of kindness you've shown me  
so far couldn't go on after I left this  
place, well and hale again. It couldn't!"  
Charlotte, as she proceeded, did so with  
a beautiful maidenly blush that red-

slowly pulling off his gloves.  
I rose somewhat later, Chalmers, but  
still, I've had time to accomplish some-  
thing."  
"Very important, I suppose."  
"Yes. It's all definitely settled be-  
tween Charlotte and myself."  
"Indeed?" nodded Channing. "You  
mean that the contract is signed by both  
parties?"  
"There's no contract. It's an under-  
standing—very clear on either side."  
"You intend to marry this young girl  
at the end of three years?"  
"If she is willing."  
"And she has given you her verbal  
promise only?"  
"Not even that. I should not wish  
to extort any kind of promise from her."  
"I see; it's just a kind of loose, gen-  
eral agreement?"  
"That is all."

Channing gave a smile replete with  
polite skepticism. "In other words, my  
dear Carroll, you do all the 'agreeing.'  
You create, during three years, priceless  
advantages for this fortunate girl, but  
you leave her free, at the end of this  
term, to take the education, the culture,  
the young ladyhood that she has ac-  
quired at your expense, and bestow them  
all, if so inclined, upon some other man."  
"She is at liberty to do this. I should  
dislike, above all things, to feel that  
the least element of compulsion entered  
into our mutual relations."  
"But isn't there an element of cru-  
elty?" asked Channing, as though some  
new thought had struck him. "In con-  
senting to be your ante-matrimonial  
ward, after this odd fashion, has not  
the girl grown convinced that you love  
her with a real and positive passion?"  
"I have made it plain to her that this  
is not true."  
"Oh, Carroll, Carroll!" cried his friend,  
"who but yourself would ever dream of  
putting into execution a scheme so  
madly impracticable?"  
"Does that imply," said Carroll, after  
a pause, during which his features lost  
not a trace of the kindly glow which  
nearly always lit them, "that you would  
so totally condemn my design. Chal-  
mers, as to refuse me your co-operation  
in it?"  
"My co-operation? Why, how on  
earth could I aid you in a matter like  
this?"  
"By aiding yourself," the specu-  
lative answer.  
"You talk in riddles, and a very great  
fellow."  
"Naturally. But the following is  
myself clear. You expect to 58 notes  
than you can not do so for 30 notes  
pride—a man's ego is 30 notes  
like you. GREAT ORGAN  
say to Chapman, Metal... 58 notes 5 ft.  
Phoniana... 58 " 8 "  
3 Stopped Diapason & Clari-  
but Flute, wood... 58 " 8 "  
to Principal, Metal... 58 " 4 "  
would... Metal & Wood... 58 " 4 "  
tate, acc... Metal... 58 " 273 "  
write certain... 58 " 2 "  
and chapters, and...  
for the scholarly... 58 " 16 "  
you have already to... 46 " 8 "  
to the full completion... 46 " 8 "  
of your intended mastery... 46 " were  
to address you like this... 12 "

"Carroll!"  
"Don't be indignant. I'm sure you  
would refuse to accept any such gift  
from me."  
"I certainly would accept no such gift  
from any one—not even you."  
"But if I offered it as a loan?"  
"Ah, that's different. And yet"—  
Channing's fair face had vanished—"My  
Immortality of the Soul might prove a  
dire failure. To borrow without the  
surety of repaying—bah! not for me.  
That has a flavor of scampishness."  
"Precisely as I believed you would de-  
cide. Now, Chalmers, what if I asked  
you to accept from me honest payment  
for an honest service?"  
Channing flung one leg over the other,  
and thrust a thumb into either arm-  
hole of his waistcoat. "Your drift is  
the darkest of mysteries to me. I would  
always willingly serve you, but to do  
so for payment would rob the act of its  
chief pleasure."  
"Charmingly spoken. And yet I  
should not presume to ask of you hours  
and hours of your time through three  
consecutive years unless I could ap-  
preciably make up the loss."  
Channing left his chair and went  
close to Carroll's side. "Look here," he  
said. "In the name of Heaven, what  
are you driving at?"  
"This: You know the French lan-  
guage perfectly. I have heard you say,  
without a bit of boasting, that you  
both speak and write it as well as any  
American you have ever met. You also  
speak and write German with decided  
facility. Will you teach these languages  
to Charlotte Storr?"

Channing smiled.  
"I know what you mean, Mr. Cour-  
taine. I've thought out what you must  
mean. You're very good. A person's  
only got to look well at you and study  
your face a bit to see just how good  
you are. And everybody here that  
knows you thinks just as I do. They  
say, too, that you're very rich, and  
that you're monstrous generous be-  
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"Not even that. I should not wish  
to extort any kind of promise from her."  
"I see; it's just a kind of loose, gen-  
eral agreement?"  
"That is all."



Charity again! You are inter-  
 ested in that girl, and you  
 want to help her in a way that  
 I can never help woman be-  
 cause the motive was one of com-  
 passion, a dominant force. You're  
 me, and you want to help me  
 in the writing of my big book—my  
 piece, as you're kind enough  
 prematurely to call it—by mix-  
 ing up in that other mighty soup  
 of mine."

"It is that way if you please, Chan-  
 nelling. You can either accept or decline.  
 I name the salary I've thought of.  
 I don't suit you, you can double it.  
 Anyway, Chalmers, why not first  
 with me to the hospital (say this  
 noon), and pay her a visit? You  
 did not find Charlotte a dull girl; I  
 am sure of that. But still, you might  
 see more clearly than perhaps you  
 do that, in teaching her those two  
 languages, you would not by any means  
 be undertaking a sinecure."

Channing gave prompt consent. He  
 scarcely seen Charlotte Storr be-  
 fore he liked her, but five minutes later  
 he had told himself that, if any lapse  
 of time could make her a lady, three  
 hours would be insufficient to effect  
 a change.

"She isn't vulgar in any gross sense,"  
 he concluded; "but I fear that common-  
 sense has been ground into her manner,  
 and almost ineradicably. One somehow  
 feels that she is good and pure. If she  
 were prettier I might doubt it, in spite  
 of what Carroll has learned, miserable  
 as I am! But this girl's  
 naturalness and spontaneity give  
 a kind of beauty that is quite origi-  
 nally fascinating. A good many girls  
 'aint for 'isn't and make their  
 their nominatives and subject  
 still adepts in the subtlety  
 But she's as remote from  
 as enamelling as a dan-  
 snap at eight and Channing's visit  
 the wear in the night had been  
 that any such  
 have been  
 her two guests had  
 superintending nurse,  
 motherly, named Mrs. Dug-  
 her in the visitors' room a few  
 after their departure.

Charlotte, said Mrs. Dugdale,  
 a full, warm smile, you were not  
 attended to death by both of them,  
 or all!"

Charlotte clasped the nurse's hand.  
 "Oh, I did feel so upset, though!"

"Sit down and tell me about it," said  
 the matron of the hospital. She was  
 immensely interested in the romantic  
 turn that her young patient's history  
 had taken. Carroll's generosity to the  
 establishment had made him a kind of  
 hero there. The newspapers had gossiped  
 about his peculiar career and  
 about some of his charitable exploits as  
 well. He had won Mrs. Dugdale's heart  
 some time before the beginning of her  
 acquaintance with Charlotte. In the  
 case of many men this clear-sighted  
 lady would have had suspicions of a  
 compromising kind. But even before she  
 received from Charlotte a desperate and  
 self-relieving confidence of the whole  
 curious truth she had planted on firm  
 foundations her faith in the staunch  
 honor of Carroll.

"I—I guess I got through it all well  
 enough," said Charlotte, when the two  
 were seated side by side. "But his friend  
 is a good deal of a fop, I should say,  
 and cares much less than he does for  
 —for people like me. Still he was pretty  
 polite. Only, I couldn't help thinking  
 Mr. Courtenay appeared to him a mon-  
 strous foolish person. And—and so he  
 does to me, Mrs. Dugdale—so he does to  
 me!"

"Well, you're the last that should say  
 such a thing, Charlotte, upon my word!"

"Oh, I can't help it. There's times  
 when it all comes over me in a way that  
 makes me feel as if I was being made a  
 regular fool of!"

"Why, Charlotte! You don't believe  
 that's anything wrong, I hope! Because  
 if you do!"

"No, I don't. I—I kind of did at first,  
 but I don't now. And you haven't told  
 a soul, have you, Mrs. Dugdale?"

"Not a soul, and I shan't, either. I'll  
 keep my promise, dear—be certain of  
 that. And I see just why he does not  
 what is known and gossiped about."

He didn't mind my telling you," hast-  
 ened Charlotte, as though conscience  
 were wholly appeased on that point.  
 "He said I might if I wanted. Oh, I  
 should just have died if I hadn't told  
 someone! And he'd heard from me how  
 nice you were, and how good you'd been  
 to me, and how fond I'd grown of you."

The matron patted one of Charlotte's  
 hands, now, holding it between both  
 her own. She had the kind of face

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY

### The Latest Improvement Better Than Gas and Coal.

It is Somewhat High Priced, but There is Absolutely no Heat and Any Number of Dishes May be Cooked to Perfection.

An "electrical lunch," says a writer in the New York Herald, that is what it was called on the invitation I received to join some friends of mine down town one day last week for the noontide meal.

The impossibility of satisfying a thoroughly work-a-day appetite on Watts, ohms, amperes and volts was what made me hesitate about accepting the invitation.

However, as it was a novelty and there was to be plenty of company in case the ragout of volts or the amperes soup disagreed with digestive apparatus more accustomed to beef, bread and potatoes, I went, and, going, marvelled greatly, and am still in a state of bewilderment at the rigid tenacity with which people cling to coal or wood for kitchen use.

Electricity is the thing for cooking. It sounds queer to talk of a luncheon cooked without fire, but that is what I partook of, and a more deliciously cooked repast it would be hard to find in any household or restaurant.

Promptly at eleven o'clock a party of fifteen were gathered in a roomy kitchen watching a white capped chef as he rapidly prepared the food for our luncheon. There was no suspicion of a fire and he seemed to consider one a necessity, and if he had there was no place to build one.

#### THERE IS NO HEAT.

Quickly the preparations went on. Then in a minute, presto! a square plug attached to a wire was run into a hole in the wall and in a minute or two the pot was sending forth odors of soup that were tantalizing to our olfactorys.

But when had gone the heat? While the day was terribly hot, one could hardly believe it was warm enough to boil beef stock, nor was it within the province of the chef to call to his aid magic powers, nor did he hit on that little plug so snugly fitting in the socket as the case of all this mystery.

True enough, the plug was responsible. That simple act of inserting a pin in a socket had made an electrical connection with a live wire, and the subtle fluid that speeds along the wires from huge dynamos had done the rest.

That was all there was to it. It was cooking by electricity with heat of an intensity unknown to a range fire, but so easily controlled that a child might attend to the process as well as a grown person.

Rapidly the dishes followed each other in order of preparation, and it was more than interesting to note how easily all was accomplished.

No raking of fires, no soiling the hands with coal dust or ashes, no hot stove lids to lift and burn the fingers. It was all so simple that fifteen people stood about with open mouths and staring eyes, taking in with eager attention all the details of the process.

#### "PRESS THE BUTTON" COOKERY.

The men, of course, went into a discussion marked by more or less knowledge of electricity, but the women took the ground of utility—that was where a sympathetic appeal was made to us. We who have labored with refractory stoves, who have had chimneys refuse to "draw" and grates that would clog up—we appreciated the full value of "pressing the button" and letting Mr. or Mrs. Electricity do the rest.

Just fancy how nice it would be to have a stove with six, eight, ten or as many lids as you want, each one heated to any degree that might be desired. No more moving of heavy pot or pan on the stove in order to set back one kettle that requires only simmering, while a hot fire is necessary to get the Sunday roast done "to a turn."

It was luxury to watch that cook. The soup was nearly ready, it only needed a few moments before serving, so the little key that regulates heat is turned; but the rice must boil faster, so on is turned the switch and it boils just as fast as you wish.

The oven is a little "slow," but that is easily remedied—another turn of the key and away the temperature soars as high and as hot as you may think necessary.

The plates are on the warmer, but are cold, and now is the proper time to heat them. Stick in another plug, and though you see nothing, it is a certainty that they will be ready when required for use.

#### THIS WAS THE MENU.

Then we sat down and began to discuss the following menu:

Soup.  
 Beef, with vegetables.  
 Roast.  
 Lamb, with green peas.  
 Mashed potatoes, boiled rice.  
 Stewed tomatoes.  
 Apple pudding. Coffee.

This was not a special luncheon. It was simply the regular meal prepared in

## REVIVING BLUE LAWS.

### A Sabbatarian Upheaval in a Connecticut Town.

#### SUNDAY TRADERS ARRESTED.

##### Ministers Who Drive for Pleasure and Deacons Who Sell Milk on Sunday May be Prosecuted by Way of Reprisal—Sunday Papers a Bone of Contention.

There is trepidation and alarm, says the New York Herald, among the citizens of New Canaan, Conn., over what is regarded as a very decided attempt to revive the enforcement of Blue Laws of the Nutmeg State. Three men have already been arrested for violation of the law relating to the proper observance of the Sabbath on Sunday last, and no one knows what to expect next.

There is a strong feeling of indignation in the town on the subject, and it has been openly threatened by those who have already suffered, as well as by others who fear that their turn will come, that retaliatory measures will be taken by going further and arresting under the law relating to prohibition of Sunday recreation such residents as the Rev. Dr. Green, the Rev. William Neide, Dr. Parker and other prominent men who drive out with their families on Sunday.

In fact, so general is the sentiment that no man is safe if the old Blue Laws are to be revived and enforced; that men hesitate to even shave themselves, do not dare to ask their servants to do any work on the Sabbath, and no married man would think of

#### KISSING HIS WIFE

except behind closed blinds and with a guard at the door to shut out the Grand Jurymen who lodge the complaints with Justice James F. Silliman, who is also a deacon in the Congregational Church of which the Rev. J. H. Hoyt is pastor.

The arrests spoken of were made last Tuesday, on evidence obtained on Sunday, and after notice had been published in the local paper.

I soon found that there was a pretty clearly defined impression abroad that the responsibility for the initiation of the movement looking toward Sunday closing lay with Mr. Hoyt, the pastor of the Congregational Church. I could not learn, however, that there was any proof of this beyond the fact that he had recently spoken from the pulpit on the subject of the local lack of observance of the Sabbath, and had at the same time hastened to the store of Mr. Ruscoe, who had served him with a Sunday paper every Monday morning for years, and bade him bring the unholy thing into his house no more. Mr. Hoyt had also expressed himself emphatically on the subject at a recent meeting of the Band of Hope, a temperance society which has to take it out in hoping in New Canaan, where liquor is sold openly.

Deacon Silliman explained to me that the name of the complainant against alleged violation of the law does not have to come out at all in Connecticut, or at least in New Canaan. There any one can go to E. H. Arnold, Grand Juror, and say that he knows of his own knowledge and belief that "Billy" Paterson had shaved a customer, or that Roscoe gave a customer a Sunday paper on the Sabbath, or any other crime of an

#### EQUALLY HEINOUS CHARACTER,

and be listened to. The Grand Juror gravely weighs the evidence of the complainant and if he decides there is reasonable ground for suspicion, he issues a warrant for the offender's arrest, and places it in the hands of the borough officer, who in New Canaan just now is "Sam" Raymond, an all around tinker, especially good at mending umbrellas.

When I asked Mr. Raymond to reply to the accusation plainly made, that the umbrella business was bad and that he was in the arresting business for revenue only, he denied it.

Against Deacon Silliman, who in his capacity as justice sentences the Sabbath breakers, Jake Raymond and others alleged that he sold corn on Sunday to the Rev. Dr. Greer, and that he used

## A WOMAN DIPLOMAT.

Lalla R'Kia, the Favorite Wife of the Late Sultan of Morocco.

The late Sultan of Morocco is reported to have had more than 2,000 wives, and it is, therefore, a little strange that one of them should have been able to make her way to the supreme place in the affections of her polygamous lord and master and to achieve in a land where she was a stranger a vast power and influence. Her name is Lalla R'Kia, which means "the brilliant charmer," a name given to her by the fond Muley-Hassan in the first days of his passion for her, when she had just come over the dusty and dangerous roads from Tangier to the mystical city of Fez, brought by a "merchant of beauty," as slave-dealers are sometimes called in Morocco. Lalla R'Kia is a Circassian, and is now in her 85th year. Unlike many of the women of her native mountains, when they come to fill the harem of the Turkish or Egyptian magnates, she has not taken on that undue plumpness which is thought so great a charm in the Orient, but has remained as willowy and graceful as when, a young girl, her foot was fleet over the Circassian hills.

The new Sultan, young Abdul Aziz, is Lalla R'Kia's son. He has not yet completed his 18th year. His father was the color of a new bronze statue. The son has the delicious and delicate whiteness of the Circassian mother.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF WOMEN.

The seat of a woman's genius is in her heart, not in her head.

There are few fools among plain women; among handsome women—none.

What is a woman's favorite occupation? To make fools of sensible men.—Truth.

The world would be beautiful if there was as much true love as false oaths in it.

To represent the beauty of an angel, mankind has found but one model—man.

Nowadays, writes a misogynist, happiness finds not its birthplace, but its grave, at the altar.

The most unsophisticated woman has more discernment than the most brilliant man, in love.

A woman seldom has two lovers at the same time; but she endeavors to have one in reserve.

A declaration of love is never a surprise to a woman; she is always prepared and waiting for it.

There are but two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two good things—women and angels.

All women have the art of talking well without being instructed in conversational methods. Their teachers are nature, love and coquetry.

#### JEWELRY STORE NOVELTIES.

A skull of briar-wood, with silver crossbones for ornament, is a smoker's fancy.

The vine-wreathed claret jugs in engraved glass and silver gilt are the most attractive things of their sort.

Graceful silver tete-a-tete coffee and berry sets festooned with garlands bespeak the hospitality of piazzas and arbors.

Large spoons of silver gilt have stems of raised work enclosing plaques of enamel work. These spoons have broken edges of metal and enamel. These, however, only extend half-way around the spoon, leaving the working ends sharp and free.

Belt pins are among the novelties. These are enlarged bib pins intended to effect a better union between the back of the belt and a woman's skirt. They are covered with raised work, or occasionally are set with tiny turquoises and semi-precious stones.

In sports yachting supercedes everything else in things ornamental and symbolic leaves, and pennants adorn everything. After all this is an amusement that interests few compared with other sports. Yachtmen and women, perhaps have more money to spend in trinkets.—Jewellers' Circular.

#### TOOTS FROM THE RAM'S HORN.

A sinner in the church weighs more for the Devil than a dozen outside of it.

Worry and the grave-digger are good friends.

A hypocrite fools some, but none so badly as he does himself.

Sinners will never be in a hurry about repenting, as long as the preacher's manner makes them think they have 20 years in which to do it.

Had the Lord quartered Elijah with the richest man in Zion, instead of feeding him on the widow's crumbs, his great camp-meeting on Mount Carmel might never have been heard of.

#### AMBITIOUS.

nise you were, and how good you'd been to me, and how fond I'd grown of you." The matron patted one of Charlotte's hands, now, holding it between both her own. She had the kind of face whose plump pinkness age is almost powerless to wither, though the strands of hair beneath her speckless white cap were heavily frosted.  
(To be continued.)

#### PUSS IN A MAZE OF MIRROR.

She was Pretty Well Puzzled and Glad to Escape.

A small black cat, with a long tail and a distinctly aggrieved air, stalked up and down the hall yesterday at Herman Howard's Auditorium. She glared with scorn at the people who came out of the maze and laughed as if they thought it was funny in there. The cat had been there, too, but she didn't think it at all funny.

If she had been a cat with human wiles she might have believed her experience was due to drink, but as she took nothing stronger than milk she couldn't fall back on that explanation.

The cat went into the maze yesterday morning for the first time, although her curiosity had sorely tempted her to enter ever since the maze had been put into position. She strolled in and climbed a pillar near the door. It so happened that this was a central position, and when she threw her eyes around there seemed to be sixteen other black cats returning her glance with friendly interest. This enraged her and she humped her back to let the other cats know she was no coward. Sixteen other cats took a corresponding hump and each was watching her next move.

This was too much, and the cat leaped from her stand and started to get out. There were apparently a dozen avenues of escape, and she made for one of them, only to run plump against a glass mirror. The same thing happened again and again, until she finally spied the man in blue uniform who takes tickets for the maze. Like a flash she leaped past him and got out of the maze.—Baltimore Sun.

#### MAGNETIZATION OF RAILS.

Result of Experiments Tried by a French Student.

To ascertain in a definite manner the degree of magnetization of steel rails, M. Vinat has made experiments on a portion of the line of the Compagnie du Midi, between Bordeaux and the Certe, the left-hand track serving for the trains coming from the latter place, while on the right-hand track the trains run in the opposite direction. From this account it appears that, on the experimental section, the rails were laid in a direction perpendicular to the magnetic lines, from west to east.

At the point of one of the left-hand rails, the needle pointed exactly in the direction of the lines of the rails, the pole being turned toward the town of Certe. With the same compass similarly placed on the right-hand track the needle again pointed in the direction of the line of the rails, but the north pole was this time turned toward Bordeaux.

The distances between the rail ends varied from about one-tenth to one-half of an inch, producing a very perceptible shock on the passage of the trains. Due to the respective elevations and elevations of the ends of the rails and their influence on the car wheels, and these shocks, it was concluded, developed a south polarity in those rail ends in which the concussion took place.—Paper Mill.

#### GOOD LEMONADE.

A good glass of lemonade is as rare as "a beaker full of the warm South." It should not be the thin fluid which is its common presentment, but should have "a body," which can alone be got by reducing the sugar to a syrup before adding the lemons. Take half a pound of loaf sugar, and reduce it with one pint of water; add the rind of five lemons, and let it stand an hour; remove the rinds, and add the strained juice of the lemons; add one bottle of Apollinaris water, and a block of ice in the centre of the bowl, and before serving add one tablespoonful of brandy to the above proportions. Peel one lemon, and cut it up into thin slices; divide each slice in two, and place the pieces in the lemonade.—Harper's Bazar.

#### NO USE FOR HIM.

Venus—Hello, Cupid. What are you idling away your time for? Why aren't you at the summer resorts?  
Cupid—No use, ma. I've been there, and they guyed the life out of me.

During the past few days more than 400 anarchists arrived in London, and the Scotland Yard police force are busy watching the new comers.

Lamb, with green peas.  
Mashed potatoes, boiled rice.  
Stewed tomatoes.  
Apple pudding. Coffee.

This was not a special luncheon, it was simply the regular meal prepared in the electrical kitchen for the officers and employees of a company, and with them has ceased to be a novelty. They claim that meats cooked by electricity are far better than those baked in a coal stove. When we had finished we were invited to an inspection of the apparatus.

There was a lingering avoidance of touching any part of the paraphernalia until one bold and brave man decided to run the risk of electrocution.

He lived after the trial and so we all began to handle the utensils and to ask questions.

The apparatus is so simple that it is a wonder it is not in general use. A better one could be devised for the summer time or for small flats, and there is practically no limit to the stove surface one may have.

Ovens, boilers, tea kettles, saucepans, coffee pots and all the articles of kitchen ware now in use can be used the same.

Safety is one of the first requisites, and that is assured since the connections with the supply wire can only be made by the insertion of a plug, and the plug is longer than the finger of anyone outside of a long fingered museum freak.

#### COSTS MORE THAN COAL.

I inquired about the cost and learned that it is higher than coal, but by my hosts this was considered a mere nothing compared to the labor, trouble, and wear and tear saved.

Mr. George Penabody, of No. 28 Monroe street, Brooklyn, has his kitchen equipped with electrical appliances.

Even in this model kitchen it is not claimed that all is perfect, but improvements are following so fast that within a very short time the "flat hunter" will reject all advertisements that do not contain the sentence, "Electrical kitchen."

#### ROSE PASTE.

A Fine Cake Flavoring That May be Made at Home.

A delicate flavor of rose leaves is a great addition to certain cakes and confections, and a rose paste made at home is much purer than any of the extracts sold for the purpose. It is made by chopping the leaves of fragrant roses into a smooth mass with white sugar, and placing them in an oven long enough to heat thoroughly, but not entirely melt the sugar. Use one cupful of the leaves to three of sugar. Keep in air-tight cans, and allow to stand six months before opening. This must be used carefully, only a small quantity being necessary to flavor a large cake. A novelty at a recent dinner was a Roman punch flavored in this way with the Turkish preserved rose leaves, which may be purchased at any store dealing in Oriental goods. Into an ordinary Roman punch (which is simply a lemon sherbet flavored to taste with rum) the rose leaves were stirred, a few at a time, until a delicate flavor was obtained, and the mixture was then frozen to a soft and snowy consistency, and served in small glasses. Half a can of the Turkish leaves would flavor a sufficient quantity for eight persons.—Harper's Bazar.

#### THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.

The tramp had been so encouraged by receiving a whole pie one day at a certain house that he became a nuisance by his frequent visits, and at last the lady of the house turned him down peremptorily. Then it was he sought revenge. Coming again the next day he was met by a firm refusal.

"I only come," he said, whiningly, "to see if you can't give me another pie like that one you gave me before."  
"No, I can't, and I wouldn't if I could," snapped the lady, "and if you don't go away I will call the policeman."

"Don't do that, lady," he replied, as he started off. "I don't mean no harm; I was just thinkin' if you could give me another pie I'd put it with that other one I've saved, and then I'd steal an old bicycle frame and fix myself up so I could get around a good deal easier than walkin'."

#### THINGS THAT GO TOGETHER.

A lazy horse and an inconsiderate driver.  
An altruistic husband and an egoistic wife.

A palm-leaf and a fin-de-siecle novel.  
A Populist stump speech and red fire.  
A politician and a bad cigar.

A mother-in-law and chronic dyspepsia.  
A proud mother and a spoiled child.

A physician and a drug store.  
A schoolmistress and eyeglasses.

A light suit of clothes and a cold wave.  
An umbrella and sunshine.

A swiss-herse mustard sandwich and three rounds of beer.—New York Recorder.

Against Deacon Sillimah, who in his capacity as justice sentences the Sabbath breakers, Jake Raymond and others alleged that he sold corn on Sunday to the Rev. Dr. Greer, and that he used to see no harm in peddling milk on Sunday.

The good deacon listened to these accusations with quite as much sadness as I felt in repeating them to him, and said mildly that peddling milk on Sunday was necessary, and that he did not make a practice of selling corn on other than week days.

Deacon Sillimah added that he thought the arrests were not the action of any one person, but rather a concerted movement to check the growing tendency to keep the stores open on the Sabbath. He saw nothing out of the way in the fact that a person could make a complaint against another and keep his identity concealed, leaving the accused with no redress if the complaint proved to be malicious.

When I asked the deacon what he thought of himself as a justice, considering the question in his capacity as a citizen, he smiled, and said that he thought the justice was not exceeding his duty and was quite sure he would not fine a man for kissing his wife on Sunday. As to what he would do as a justice if in a spirit of retaliation some ungodly one should

#### HAVE A CLERGYMAN ARRESTED

for driving he could not say. He was of the opinion, however, that the law against recreation on the Sabbath referred more to baseball and like games than to driving, which also might be undertaken for the purpose of doing good.

"Billy" Paterson, the barber, now displays the following sign in his shop window:

"Notice.—Owing to the high price of board and the scarcity of first-class accommodations in the Bridgeport jail, this shop will be closed Sundays on and after Sunday, August 19th."

On the window of a shoe store is the ever touching query, "Who struck 'Billy' Paterson?" Paterson's fine was \$4.91, or forty-nine shaves, as he put it mournfully. He says he would have fought the case if his wife hadn't been unwilling.

Mr. Roscoe, who paid a fine of \$5.16, says he will close his store next Sunday, but expects to distribute papers as usual, particularly as Grand Juror Arnold has told another newspaper vender that he might open up for that purpose.

When I told Mr. Arnold that there were those in New Canaan who believed he should paste into his hat the saw, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," he hastened to explain that he sold the beer no more. He couldn't keep flies out of the bottles, and felt that he was too old for that sort of thing. Besides, he said it

#### WASN'T SO VERY STRONG.

"I feel that the papers ought to be distributed, but in the other work we shall keep right on. I understand Paterson says he will make trouble for me if I permit the sale of papers and won't let him shave. He'd better look out, for if he does that I'll have him tried for all the illegal shaving he has done on Sunday for years. As for 'Sam' Raymond, I can say that if, as you tell me, he worked on Sunday at a pump, or painted his wagon on that day, and any one will make a complaint, I will proceed just as I would with any one else. I don't think they could arrest any one for driving on Sunday, but I am awaiting legal advice on that and other points from my lawyer in South Norwalk."

#### BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

During the recent stoppage in the coal trade, says an English paper, a collier, wandering on some land belonging to Earl Derby, chanced to meet its owner face to face. His Lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land.

"Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Where did that get it fro?"

"Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors."

"And where did they get it fro?"

"They got it from their ancestors," was the reply.

"And where did their ancestors get it fro?"

"They fought for it."

"Well, be glad," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl. "I'll fight thee for it."—The Commonwealth.

Major-General Herbert left Ottawa yesterday for Camp Lewis. He was accompanied by Capt. Brewster, A. D. C.

ing him, on the widow's crumbs, his great camp-meeting on Mount Carmel might never have been heard of.

#### AMBIGUOUS.

"I am perfectly willing to work, mum," said the tramp, "but the difficulty is in finding labor congenial to my tastes."

"What do you think you would like to do?" enquired the inquisitive woman.

"I think I'd like to be a bank president, mum. Do you know where I could get a job of that sort?"—Detroit Free Press.

#### EXPLAINING IT.

A little girl of this city recently gave a forcible though unconscious illustration of what foreigners find a perplexing peculiarity of our language. Her younger brother inquired:

"Do cows give beef and ham?"  
"Of course they don't," was the scornful reply. "You ought to know better than that. Cows lay milk."

#### VERY COURTEOUS.

"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" said the tip-exaggerator waiter to Uncle Abner Meddengerass, as the latter rose from the table.

"Let me see," replied the honest man, looking at his hand baggage. "There's my umbrella and my satchel. No, they're all here, but I'm obliged to you just the same for your thoughtfulness."

#### "IN OUR MIDST."

Foreman (of the Sharptown Star)—I see you've marked the paragraph about watermelons being in our midst for the editorial page?

Editor—Well, what if I have?  
Foreman—Don't you think it would be safer to put it between the pain-killer and Jamaica ginger ads?—Judge.

#### HOW?

Wife—I mended the hole in your waistcoat pocket last night after you had gone to bed. I am a careful little woman, am I not?

Husband—Yes; but how did you know there was a hole in my waistcoat pocket?

#### TOO MUCH ATTRACTION.

Amelia—I wish there were not so many dry goods advertisements in this paper.

Clara—Good gracious, dear, why?  
Amelia—One hasn't time to read the other matter in it.

#### NOT TO BE MENTIONED.

Suspicious Mamma—Ethel, what detained you at the door just now when Mr. Spoonman went away?

Ethel (smoothing her rumpled hair)—Nothing to speak of, mamma.—Chicago Tribune.

#### THE LATEST INVENTION.

"Hinges has invented a trunk that's going to bring him a fortune."

"What is it?"  
"The lid is on the under side, so that everything that is backed at the bottom will be on top."

#### HAD REASON TO BE.

Anxious Mother—Are the children in this flat very rude or noisy?

Janitor—Not a bit of it; they're all down in bed with scarlet fever.

#### THE AMATEUR HOUSEKEEPER.

Mr. Youngwife—Really, my dear, this tastes very good. But what is it?

Mrs. Youngwife—I don't know. It came packed in a can and the label rolled off in the hot water before I noticed.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.—Sir Walter Scott.

A melancholy drowning accident occurred at Golden, B. C., by which Mrs. Jackson and son, aged about seven years, met their death. The child fell into the river, and the mother, in an attempt to rescue him, jumped in and both were drowned.

There are some men who would rather hear themselves preach than to listen to an angel tuning his harp.—Sam's Horn.

The State of Wisconsin is about to sue the United States for \$7,975,005.77 for munitions of war, etc., furnished in 1861, which were paid for only in part.



## Stevenson's Creation Makes a Bradford Butcher Insane.

Last Spring He Saw a Bad Actor in "Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Since That Time he has Gradually Been Losing His Mental Balance—Thinks He is a Great Actor.

A Bradford, Pa., despatch says: The strange case of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has had a queer effect on a Bradford butcher. Frank Hall owns a meat market in lower Main street, and in that market, with a cleaver for a battle-axe, he howls passages from various tragedies. He is demented, and the play just mentioned is said to be responsible for his condition.

Last spring one night he heard a bad actor render a fiendish impersonation of the part of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and he was thrilled and horrified. The figure of Hyde, with his tangled hair and long teeth; his hissing voice; his glaring eyes and bony crooked fingers, was so vividly impressed upon the imagination of Hall that the impression became permanent. He memorized some of the passages from the play, and these he rehearsed in his meat market and elsewhere with much vehemence. A more horrible presentation of the part could not have been made by anybody. By way of variety he would howl, occasionally, a line or two from Richard III. or some other character.

Yesterday he was giving a specimen of his style in the death scene of "Mr. Hyde," when he became wildly delirious, and the police took him into custody. He will probably be taken to an institute for the insane.

Up to the time Hall witnessed the performance of the piece, he was a quiet, sensible man, but ever since he saw Stevenson's uncanny creation on the stage he has been losing his mental balance. Now he is in a pitiable condition. He pleaded with a reporter to put him on the road with a dramatic company. "My God," he cried, in the course of a brief interview, "I am the greatest actor in the country to-day, and yet they won't write me up. That's all I want—reputation. You write me up and I'll have attention called to myself in that way." Then the deluded man made a gesture that would make the bones of James Owen O'Connor rattle in their coffin.

He is a single man, 38 years old, has a good bank account and is well connected.

## MARRIED THE COACHMAN.

## First the Heiress Educated the Young Man.

Then She Changed His Name—Being Satisfied That She Had Not Made a Mistake the Woman Married Her Ward and He Becomes Wealthy.

A New York despatch says: There was a wedding in Dr. John Hall's church in this city a few days ago which was the outcome of a genuine romance. The Piffard family, of Livingston county, is one of the oldest, wealthiest and most exclusive families of that part of the state. The Clapper family, of the same county, is quite the reverse, although it is a reputable family. One of this family, a boy named George, after attending school for some time at the Genesee public schools, went to Rochester, where he was employed as an errand boy in a mercantile house. As he grew up he was made a clerk, but for some reason lost his place two or three years ago and returned to his home at Genesee. He wanted work, and when he learned that the head of the wealthy Piffard family, of Piffard, wanted a young man to take care of his horses young Clapper applied for the place and got it.

Miss Emma Piffard, daughter and heiress of the house of Piffard, took a great interest in young Clapper from the start. He was intelligent, good-looking and industrious. Miss Emma's interest resulted in her falling in love with him.

## Valuable Prehistoric Remains Found in Nebraska.

### FROM THE AGE OF GIANTS.

A Chadron, Nebraska, despatch says: Great excitement was caused here to-day by the discovery of a cave near this city by W. Don Freisenholz, who is travelling for a zoological institute of Europe. The cave is located in what is called the Bad Lands, about ten miles from Chadron. Mr. Freisenholz, who was seen to-day, was reticent about giving information relative to his wonderful discovery. It was learned he consulted some of the legal fraternity of the city in regard to the proper procedure to acquire title to the land upon which the cave was discovered. He left for the East to-night, presumably on his way to Washington, where he will make an effort to enter the land as a curiosity claim or zoological claim. Attorneys who are thoroughly familiar with the Government lands say there is no provision for filing such a claim.

While Mr. Freisenholz refused to say why he wanted to become the owner of this cavern, it was learned from other sources that many known species of extinct animals were found in the cave, and some that were never heard of or discovered before. The skeleton of one of these is particularly awe-inspiring to look upon. Whatever period in the world's history this monster roamed the earth it is safe to say that mankind did not, and that most of the animals that now exist were unknown at that time. The skeleton of this monster would indicate that he resembled closely the elephant, only he must have been ten times as large. To give an idea of its size it is only necessary to give the dimensions of some of the bones. One of the ribs measured twenty-four feet nine inches in length, and the others are in proportion to this.

Another large skeleton resembles that of the horse, but from its size it would seem impossible that it could live if constituted as our present horses are, and it is evident it would be of no use to mankind, as it would be necessary to use a ladder to harness or get on its back. There are also many species of birds to be found in the cave, but they are five or six times larger than the ostrich. The bones and the wings would indicate their width, including the feathers, to be about twenty-three feet. There are also a number of extinct species of reptiles and fishes which are large.

The most interesting discovery is that of the skeleton of a man. It is said finding these skeletons with the bones of animals that have become extinct leads many to believe that they must be skeletons of prehistoric men. The skeletons resemble those of the present man very much, and none but an experienced eye could detect the difference. There are many explanations of why these animals came to be in this cave.

This cave is in close proximity to an artificial wall. From the structure of the walls it is supposed they were made to enclose a large tract of land. This wall, no doubt, formerly surrounded an ancient city. Here was where was found a short time ago imbedded among the ruins of the now extinct animals and reptiles a petrified man that was exhibited in the East by Prof. Daniel Webster Spering. The petrification was greatly admired, and scientific men were unable to say in what period of the world's history the subject existed. There are also to be found huge petrified logs piled up in great masses.

It was learned to-day from Chief Yellow Wolf, of the Sioux tribe, that these discoveries have long been known to the Indians, and that when they die and go to the happy hunting ground they believe this will be the land to which their spirits will return. They were afraid to tell the whites for fear they would destroy the cave.

## CATTLE EMBARGO STAYS.

## Mr. Gardner Decides That the Prohibition Must Stand.

Official Report Published—The Cattle Dec-

## How an Absconder Caused an Innocent Man's Arrest.

Stole the Man's Clothes and Papers, Then Assumed His Name—Detectives Learn of the Alias but Arrest the Rightful Owner of the Name, Who is Extradited

A Quebec despatch says: A sensational story is recounted here from Dr. Spurr, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England. Dr. Spurr accompanies a certain Mr. Annandale, who appears to have been the victim of a clever trick, if the story is true.

In December last a man named Arnott, of Newcastle, England, an employee of a bank, made off with a considerable sum of money. His destination was Baltimore, Md. On arriving at Baltimore Arnott fell from a carriage and broke his arm. His bed neighbor in the hospital was Annandale.

Arnott suddenly left the hospital, changing his clothes for those of Annandale. The latter was then suffering from a lung disease which was thought incurable.

Under his false name Arnott was able to travel about in disguise, and succeeded, however, in dodging the authorities.

One night in a railway accident Arnott was killed. The coroner of the place proceeded in the usual manner about the inquest, and he, not knowing what had happened in England as to Arnott's crime, sent a telegram to Arnott's wife announcing his death.

The New York police still continued to hunt for Arnott under the name of Annandale, and Annandale was arrested on leaving the hospital, the detectives believing him to be Arnott, and in February Annandale was extradited to England.

Mrs. Arnott, upon seeing the prisoner, declared he was not her husband. The prisoner went from Liverpool to London and from the latter place to Newcastle, where no one could identify him, and the widow declared she had learned of the death of her husband in Baltimore. The coroner of Baltimore testified to having held an inquest upon the body of a man corresponding with the description of a man named Arnott, and papers were found on the corpse showing that deceased was presumably named Arnott.

Annandale was then given his liberty and sought help from the American consul in London. While sick and almost dying in London, Dr. Spurr attended Annandale and on his recovery brought him to Canada, his native place. Annandale declares he is going to sue the English authorities for \$50,000 damages.

## WANT STRANGE FUNERALS.

## One Wants His Ashes Thrown Into the River.

### FIREWORKS AT HIS GRAVE.

A Trenton, N. J., despatch says: The last of the money left by Roger Quigg to his son James was spent to-day, when the body of the latter was cremated in the Germantown Crematory. The will that the young man left provides that the handful of ashes that survives him shall be thrown into the Delaware River from the railroad bridge whenever it suits the executor, William B. Van Horn, who formerly employed young Quigg, who was a cigarmaker.

Young Quigg gave minute directions to an undertaker here about his body. Nobody was to see the face and the cremation was to take place as quickly after death as was possible, and it was accomplished within 36 hours. He purchased a casket only, because he was afraid the railroads would not transport his body to the crematory. The cremation took place this morning, and the ashes were put into the casket, there being just enough to dust the satin lining. The executor is not decided whether to throw the ashes into the Delaware River, as directed by the will, or yield to the pressure of his friends and bury them in a cemetery. He has 10 days to make up his mind. There is enough money left to erect a stone over his grave.

The undertaker has another order even more eccentric than this. He refuses

## How the Murderer Was Found and What Found Him.

A Story From Mexico—The Retribution That Overtook a Young Man in a Beautiful Village of the Sierra Madre—The Black Wings That Flapped Above His Head—He Thought His Father's Ghost Pursued Him, but it was Only the Old Man's Pet Eagle.

He had plenty of gold and the love of a beautiful maiden, if he could only forget. Yes, forget that he had killed his father. He could forget if it was not for that strange whirling sound like the flapping of wings that constantly haunted him. He first heard it just as he struck the fatal blow, and since then it has never ceased, day or night.

What was that! Surely not the wind. And if it was not why should Leonard Perea be afraid of a sound? He who had faced wild beasts and fought Indians. But he turned over in bed and pulled the clothes over his head to keep away the sound. That awful sound that first whirled like a flock of pigeons and then died away like an infant's wail.

"I'm sure it has something to do with the killing of the old man," said Leonard to himself, but somehow the whole scene would come up before him. Again he was riding along the road to see the father he had deserted years ago. He was not going, because he wanted to see the good old man, because he wanted money. Money must have at any cost. It was long midnight when he knocked at the door and his father came out to him. His father was glad to see him, remembers distinctly, asked for money took him a good quantity. It was such an easy thing to turn to go back into the bidding him farewell and the good-byes. But what was that whirling sound? The village was in darkness, but it was away from him as he sped down the street. Owning his horse, and kept near him as he fled over the country farther and farther away from his crime. No, he never got away from it. The sound was always with him.

Ugh! There it was again, and Leonard pulled the blankets over his head. Morning came, but the whirling sound came with it. At night it was nearer than in the daytime, but it never ceased. "I won't pay any attention to it to-day," said Leonard to himself, as he went for his breakfast. "I'm sure it is nothing, and has nothing to do with me." It was a beautiful day, and the sun had nearly reached the zenith. Leonard threw himself down on the ground in the shade of a tree to get a little sleep that he had been deprived of in the night, but had scarcely closed his eyes—

"Whir—flap, flap—whir—"

"Ugh!"

"Whir. Flap—"

Leonard felt a cold breeze fan his cheek as he jumped to his feet, but there was nothing near him. He was alone.

"Whir, whir—"

"Let me out of this! I don't want the gold," and Leonard flung the bag of yellow coin out of the window.

Over the hills and mountains he sped, he knew not where. But the sound was with him.

An awful crime had just been committed at Ortiz. The wealthy Juan Perea, whose whom everybody liked, had been found dead at his own door, and there was no trace of the murderer.

It was old Manuel, the Indian, who found the body, and when he gave the alarm a great superstitious fear seized all the people as they flocked from the doors of their low adobe houses into the hot streets of the Mexican village. Here was the murderer, and who could he be that would kill such a good old man? And rob him, too. That was the worst of it. And the people made up their minds that no punishment was too severe to be inflicted on the murderer—when they found him.

Yes, when they found him. It looked as if they never would. There had been no strangers seen in the village, and everybody who lived there loved the dead man too much to even hurt a hair

Miss Emma Piatt, daughter and heir-  
ess of the house of Piatt, took a great  
interest in young Clapper from the start.  
He was intelligent, good-looking and in-  
dustrious. Miss Emma's interest re-  
sulted in her falling in love with him.  
She did pretty much as she liked in the  
Piatt family, and it pleased her to  
relieve young Clapper from his duties  
and to send him to a business college  
at Poughkeepsie. She paid all his ex-  
penses at the college, and he rewarded  
her by studying hard and finally gradu-  
ating with honor.

This was only a few months ago.  
Then she took legal steps to have his  
name changed from Clapper to Francis.  
As George Francis he came to New York  
and went to work. Satisfied that she  
had done well in placing her affections  
on the young man, Miss Piatt came  
to New York, and a week ago she and  
young Francis were married at Dr.  
Hall's church, on Fifth avenue, by Rev.  
Dr. Roberts. The happily and romanti-  
cally wedded couple are spending their  
honeymoon on the Piatt ancestral  
acres in Livingston county.

#### IN THE TOILS.

**A McWherrell Trial Witness Accused of Robbery.**

A Toronto despatch says: One of the  
most prominent witnesses at the Mc-  
Wherrell trial was Harr Spraggon, the  
porter of Fitzgerald's Hotel, who gave  
evidence on behalf of both prisoners. He  
told how they were in the hotel on the  
evening of the day the Crown fixed upon  
as that of the murder. When Spraggon  
was in the witness box he trembled like  
an aspen leaf, so that His Lordship  
even expressed astonishment at his  
conduct. Then Spraggon was Walker's  
chief witness, and, if it were not for  
the Toronto detectives, when the trial  
comes on in September Mr. Spraggon  
would be the other side of the herring  
pond. As it is Spraggon may spend a  
term in duranceville himself, for he is  
arrested at Montreal on a very serious  
charge. On August 11th Mr. Donald  
McEachern, of Edgley village, went to  
the detective office and reported that,  
while asleep at his hotel, slightly  
the worse of Toronto liquor, he had been  
robbed of \$190. Detective Burrows took  
charge of the case, and he ascertained  
that Spraggon, who was a porter in the  
hotel, had suddenly acquired considerable  
wealth, and that, attracted by the cheap  
fares to England that are being given  
by the steamship companies, he had pur-  
chased a ticket to his native land. In-  
spector Stark immediately wired - to  
Montreal to have Spraggon arrested, and  
last night a despatch from that city  
announced the fact that Spraggon was  
a prisoner. Detective Burrows will leave  
to-day for Montreal to bring the pris-  
oner back to this city.

#### BLINDED BY THE MOON RAYS

**A Hapless Skipper Made Sightless in Mid-Ocean.**

A Philadelphia despatch says: Be-  
cause Captain Bray was moonstruck  
and made totally blind, the logwood  
laden schooner Nettie Langdon, from  
Falmouth, Jamaica, for Philadelphia,  
has been compelled to put into Key  
West in distress, where she still remains.  
The Langdon drifted about in a help-  
less condition for days after Captain  
Bray's sad plight, and finally drifted  
toward the Florida coast, where a pilot-  
boat was sighted, and Pilot James Sin-  
clair was taken on board, and he navi-  
gated the vessel to Key West.

The unfortunate skipper's loss of eye-  
sight is believed to have been caused  
by the reckless manner in which he  
spent his nights. Instead of sleeping in  
the cabin, he invariably slept on deck  
in the moonlight. The rays of the  
moon totally destroyed the sight. In the  
tropics this occurrence is not rare, but  
it is seldom heard of so far north as the  
latitude of Jamaica. In Demerara many  
cases occur, especially when the moon  
is in its strongest phase.

A pitiful sight was discovered on Mon-  
day afternoon on Battlefield rifle range between  
the batts. It was a young bay mare  
shot through the back of the head,  
properly on Saturday, when the volun-  
teers were there. It was not yet dead.  
The ground was smeared with blood, and  
the poor beast was almost covered with  
flies, while the flesh on its limbs and  
head was worn to shreds with trying to  
get up. The owner has not yet been  
found.

The United States Senate adjourned  
yesterday afternoon, the free sugar, iron  
and coal bills going over until to-day,  
objections having been taken to their

## Prohibition Must Stand.

**Official Report Published—The Cattle De-  
clared to be Infected by Contagious  
Pleur or New Bacterial Disease—The  
Board Says the Next Step Lies With  
Canadian Veterinarians.**

A London cable says: The Board of  
Agriculture has published the official  
documents concerning the importation  
of Canadian cattle. Mr. Gardner, Presi-  
dent of the board, has decided that the  
prohibition must stand.

The documents comprise the evidence of  
seventeen experts and a minute contain-  
ing the board's deductions.

No one testified positively that the  
cases were not cases of contagious pleu-  
ro-pneumonia. Many confirmed the de-  
cisions of the officers of the board. The  
board considers that the evidence nega-  
tives the suggestion that the disease is  
catarrhal or crupous pneumonia.

Messrs. Hunting and MacQueen favored  
the theory that it is a disease hith-  
erto unobserved.

The board expresses the opinion that  
the next step lies with the Canadian vet-  
erinarians, and in conclusion says: "It  
is beyond question that a disease occurs  
in Canadian cattle which many of the ab-  
lest and qualified veterinarians in Great  
Britain declare to be contagious pleuro-  
pneumonia, and which even those holding  
the opinion that it is a new disease pro-  
nounced bacterial, and that the disease  
could not have developed to the extent  
shown when the animals are killed, three  
weeks after shipment, unless contracted  
before leaving Canada. The matters de-  
serve, and will doubtless receive, the  
serious attention of the Dominion  
Government. In the meantime it is  
clearly the board's duty to maintain the  
regulation requiring slaughter at the  
port of landing."

#### PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Pope Leo XIII. is a great admirer of  
birds.

Victoria signs about 50,000 documents  
a year.

Teresita Cauzio, Garibaldi's daughter,  
is writing the life of Italy's red-shirted  
hero.

The Queen of Siam has the smallest  
foot of any titled person in the world.  
She wears 11-2 boots.

The tallest man on the Pacific coast is  
Samuel Hutchinson, of Erescott, Wash.  
His height is feet 2-1-2 inches.

Jean Voliers, Belgium's great labor  
leader, has been attacked by cerebral  
paralysis, as a result of overwork.

A portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds has  
sold for \$55,000 in a London auction  
room, the highest price on record for such  
sales.

There are no servants in the Tolstoi  
household. The count cuts his own fire-  
wood, while the countess prepares their  
simple meals.

The Empress of Russia has a perfum-  
ery fountain for her toilet. She presses  
the button of any odor desired, and the  
fountain does the rest.

Dr. Westbrook Farrer, of Biddeford,  
Me., who is in active practice at the age  
of 98, attributes his exceptional vigor to  
the use of wintergreen tea.

Whenever President Cleveland is asked  
by an enthusiastic mother to kiss her  
baby, he always declines. "The best of  
my reason is," he explains, "that the  
babies never like it."

French journalists having been silenced  
upon Anarchistic reports, M. Rochefort  
has imparted to his paper his ideas upon  
the situation in an editorial written in  
the deaf and dumb alphabet.

To Emerson is this story attributed:  
On being asked by a friend what he lec-  
tured for, he replied, "E-a-m-e." "What  
do you mean by that?" inquired the  
other. "Fifty and my expenses."

#### A NEW RENDERING.

Two ladies sank gratefully into the  
place on the horse car that had been gal-  
lantly vacated for their benefit. When  
they had got breath one of them said:  
"Have you been reading anything about  
this woman suffrage?"

"A little."  
"But you are not much interested in  
it?"

"No. I think we had better enjoy the  
rights we have than fly to others that  
we know not of."

#### THE LAST STRAW.

Mrs. Spendthrift—I know that \$5 is a  
good price to pay for a handkerchief,  
but it's real lace. You're not provoked,  
my dear, are you?

Mr. Spendthrift—Yes, I am very much  
provoked. The idea of paying \$5 for  
a handkerchief. It's too much to blow  
in. You'll ruin me, Eugene.

Ludwick Furet, a farmer living near  
Rosenfeld, Man., was killed by light-  
ning while stacking near his house.

days to make up his mind. There is  
enough money left to erect a stone over  
his grave.

The undertaker has another order even  
more eccentric than this. He refuses  
to give the name of the young man,  
because he is now actively engaged in  
business and not likely to die for some  
years. He has, however, arranged all  
the details of the funeral. He wants to  
be laid out in a casket lined with red,  
white and blue, with the funeral to take  
place at night, with a band and all the  
mourners carrying torches. At the  
grave there is to be fireworks and "Auld  
lang Syne" is to be sung before part-  
ing. Each anniversary of the funeral  
is to be observed with a feast, and a  
toast to his memory is to be drunk  
standing.

#### THE STRIKE COMMISSION.

**The Hearing of Evidence Was Begun  
Yesterday in Chicago.**

A Chicago despatch says: The Strike  
Commission appointed by President  
Cleveland to investigate the Pullman  
and Railroad strike began its work to-  
day. The session was held in the Gov-  
ernment building.

Vice-President S. W. Howard, of the  
A. R. U., was the first witness. Commis-  
sioner Kerns assured him that the in-  
vestigation would be thorough, and  
asked the witness numerous questions as  
to his past and present occupation, and  
the nature of his official position in the  
A. R. U.

"Now," said the commissioner, "tell  
what, in your opinion, caused the rail-  
road strikes."

"The strikes were caused," answered  
Mr. Howard, "by the statement of the  
general managers that they would back  
up Mr. Pullman during the strike."

"Who told you they would?"  
"The newspapers printed the state-  
ment, crediting it to General Managers  
Egan and St. John."

Mr. Howard then entered into an ex-  
haustive recital of the troubles leading  
up to the original Pullman strike. The  
men had announced their intention to  
strike, he said, but on being assured by  
the company's officials that the em-  
ployees' grievances would be investi-  
gated, he urged the men to go back to  
work. This they did, on the promise of  
the company that the committees who  
had handled the trouble would not be  
discharged or otherwise injured because  
of the part they had taken in the matter.

"And after that promise," continued  
the witness, "three of these commit-  
tees were discharged. Then the men  
struck. Our union, after having failed  
to get any satisfaction from the Pull-  
man Company, then endeavored by boy-  
cotting the company's cars to bring the  
matter to a satisfactory termination.

We ordered no strike. We simply de-  
sired that the Pullman cars be left off  
of the trains. At this point we were  
again met by the General Managers' As-  
sociation. They refused to haul mail  
cars unless the Pullmans were attached  
to the trains. Such action was entirely  
uncalled for. The Pullmans were in no  
wise necessary for the transmission of  
the United States mails. I can cite  
various cases where mail trains were  
run without Pullman coaches or other  
palace car equipment."

#### INDIA RUBBER ELBOWS.

**A Boy Benefited by a Rare Surgical Op-  
eration.**

A Girardville, Pa., despatch says:  
Blood poisoning, from which he suffer-  
ed for ten years, diseased young Wil-  
liam Jones, of this place, to such an  
extent that heroic measures were adopt-  
ed for his relief. An Ashland surgeon  
several months ago removed the boy's  
elbow and shin bones and replaced them  
with India rubber substitutes. He now  
enjoys the perfect use of his arms and  
legs.

#### A BETTER PROSPECT.

Lady (to friend on a visit)—I hope  
you like the room I gave you, Amy,  
dear; there is a lovely view of the  
mountains—

Amy—Nothing can please me better,  
dear, except (sighing) the view of matri-  
mony.

#### AS IT APPEARS.

Little Dick—What's this "higher life"  
the ladies are talkin' about?

Little Dot—I don't quite know. Mam-  
ma says I isn't old enough to under-  
stand it; but I guess it's something  
about having lots of hired girls,  
and having nothing to do but sit around  
and talk about 'em.

Yes, when they found him. It looked,  
as if they never would. There had been  
no strangers seen in the village, and  
everybody who lived there loved the  
dead man too much to even hurt a hair  
on his head. As for old Manuel, nobody  
thought for a moment of suspecting him.  
There was no clue by which they could  
work, and the officers who came up  
from Guaymas went home again at the  
end of a week weary of their useless  
task.

The good padre who buried the mur-  
dered man out in the desolate grave-  
yard of sand and cactus, where the sun  
was so hot it cracked all the wooden  
crosses, said a prayer that the villain  
might be brought to justice. But he  
had little hope that he would be.

"He has disappointed so completely  
the devil must be protecting him," said  
the old women as they filed out through  
a broken space in the crumbling wall  
that did duty as a gate. "Poor old  
Juan is dead, and he who murdered  
him is enjoying the blood-stained gold  
he took from his pockets." It was what  
they thought as they slowly walked home  
after the last sad words had been said.  
They passed the house where the dead  
man had lived for so many years, and  
shuddered when they saw the dark spot  
on the ground stained with the blood  
of Juan that flowed from the ghastly  
knife wound in his back.

A month passed and poor old Juan  
was almost forgotten. His house was  
still untenanted. The padre had taken  
charge of it and regularly fed the many  
animal pets that Juan had taken such  
an interest in. They seemed to mourn  
the loss of their master more than the  
people to whom he had been so good.  
The murderer was still unknown.

Far away from Ortiz, in a beautiful  
village of the Sierra Madre, a young  
man had been trying for weeks to for-  
get something—trying to convince him-  
self that he had not committed a great  
crime.

Again he was in the street before his  
father's house. Oh, if the old man were  
only alive he could surely prevent the  
terrible sound.

Somebody was coming, but Leonard  
hid in a shadow until they passed. "Any-  
how, they don't know I did it," he  
thought.

"Whir, whir—flap, flap."  
This time it was closer than it had  
been before. Surely that was a dar-  
ling flying through the air. "I'm a  
bit frightened," the murderer thought,  
trembling in every limb. The whir-  
ling, whirring sound, the flapping of  
the wings, the whirring sound of the  
tail and furious. "Keep away, Fronten-  
yelled Leonard, and he thou-

a dark, wicked form with President B.  
and spiked tail. He, F. A. C. Parks,  
with his hands A.M.P.; J.W. Bell, ex-M.P.  
The dark form, C.R. Allison, South Frederick  
mercifully, he was Ernestown; D.W. Allison  
darkness keep away; F.B. Guess, Esq., King  
who killed him." The auditor, The Board  
whirring were close to him, as the first Sat-  
could see a pair of dark wings  
as if to enfold him. He struck out with  
his hand and struggled wildly, but his  
wings came closer and closer. He felt  
claws scratching his face and hear-  
wings beating the air. Surely the devil  
had him.

A pain shot through his eyes every-  
thing grew black, and it seemed as if  
the flames of hell were seething around  
him. He ceased struggling, fell to the  
ground, and lay still in death. The  
next morning the people of Ortiz found  
him lying in the same spot where his  
father's dead body had been discovered.  
The people were almost crazy with fear.  
The old padre shook his head and crossed  
himself. It was while they were carry-  
ing the body into the house that old  
Manuel noticed poor, murdered Juan's  
pet black eagle, that had been missing  
since he was killed, sitting on a wall  
near by. His feathers were torn and  
ragged, and he seemed interested in what  
was going on. But, of course, the  
eagle had nothing to do with the death  
of Leonard, at least that is what the  
padre said.

#### LARGEST BIBLE.

The largest Bible in the world is in  
the Vatican. It is a manuscript Bible  
and written in Hebrew. The book  
weighs 32 pounds, and there is a his-  
tory connected with it. Some Italian  
Jews obtained a view of the precious  
volume and told their co-religionists at  
Venice of it. The consequence was that  
a syndicate of Venetian Jews endeavored  
to purchase it, offering the Pope the  
weight of the book in gold as the  
price. Pope Julius II., however, re-  
fused the offer. At the present price  
of gold the offer was one of no less  
than \$860,000. This is the largest  
price ever known to have been offered  
for a book.



CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

Will Carleton Compares Their Advantages,

THEIR CHARMS AND DANGERS.

And Finds Matter for Praise and Apology in Both—Dangers of City Life—The Country Boy and What He Must Face in the City.

So far as this world is concerned the country originates everything. It was made first, it flourished first, it supplied all the material of which our cities are composed. It builds the town, feeds it, recruits it. The roads that stretch from burgh to burgh gather the magnetism of the open district when passing through them and transmit a current to the depleted stone highways of the metropolis. As the railway passenger glances idly through the window of his drawing room car and finds the lambs twinkling from a farm house in some distant field, he is unconsciously viewing one of the sources of our great rivers of electric light that flow through Broadway, Tremont street, State street, Unter den Linden, The Corso and the Rue de Rivoli.

A farm house is a camp; the countryman finds himself in a gigantic area.

His first idea of the city is that it is a large flat surface, broken, covered with grain and stubble open for Cinders of shops and desecrated by a post-office, a school, a factory, a church, a park, a road, a river, a sea.

Terms on Applications. School-Notice of Meeting.

LORS The Country body better than the city.

A teaching four books ng to the is able to do, and test styles. 0.

So out of a neighborhood corps of country boys several will go to the city and the remainder stay and "grow up" or down "with the country."

Some of these who remain find palatable food for their ambition at home; and become the generals and sometimes the half-proprietors of their rural neighbors. They get to be supervisors, town treasurers, members of the legislature—occasionally one of them goes to Congress. Now and then a rural genius develops enough financial thrift to add acre to acre, dollar to dollar, influence to influence, and promote himself to be a sort of untitled duke among his fellows—lending them money at a good rate per cent, and controlling many of their suffrages.

But the most of the farmers find that a life trip upon agricultural seas is not in a palatial steamer, with polished mechanism and comfortable bertas; not even in a jaunty sailboat or a well-appointed skiff or canoe; it is a hard series of swims, for one small island of temporary, financial breathing spells to another, full of heroic efforts to keep their heroic chins atop of the wave. Every animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom is constantly recruiting foes against the farmer. The insects deputize delegates from the most enterprising and sagacious of their species to eat his crops before they are harvested. The rodents take as much interest in his agricultural returns as he does himself. The winged robbers of the air peep from above and consider it in the regular line of virtuous industry to help him gather his cereals. The microbes of all diseases that a plant can entertain constantly endeavor to make his product their camping ground. But, worse than this, he is hunted by his own race. Capitalists and middle-

dity that will save you and your friends much time.

The first recorded city was built by the first recorded murderer; and to this day a metropolis will kill you if it can. It is a war that never has peace or an armistice—glorying in triumphs and corpses alike—furnishing wedding garlands and funeral crape with the same stolid indifference.

When the country boy makes it a present of his rosy cheeks, balanced nerves and transparent brain, he gets nothing back but the stern question, "Can you sustain yourself here?" He finds himself arrayed against ten thousand fierce competitors that sneak and fight over every inch of pavement. All the faculties he brought along are met with the artillery of open opposition, and the subtle traps of hidden villainy. It is an open and long unanswered question whether the generations his race has spent in that enriching environment of the country deposited in him enough material to stand the ordeals. If so, he lives, thrives, and magnifies a thousand-fold the results of every talent and endeavor. If not, he is thrust into meek obscurity, or imprisoned or hanged or thrown back into the country to get strength to try it again, or to prepare for the next world.

City life at its best has a thousand subtle pleasures that the country cannot approach. It may, with the aid of wealth, be induced to combine the pleasures of the two, at different seasons of the year. City life at its worst is something to which the blacker regions themselves would be no very great additional burden.

And yet, many of the most miserable inhabitants of the town would not for anything change their location into more sparsely settled regions. They feel that they would be wretched and lonely, though in the midst of physical abundance. At present every street is to them a stage, covered with a drama. Their neighbors are all story-books; and they get more of this inkless literature in a day than could be procured in the country during a year. The funeral at the next corner; the murder that took place in the same block; the suicide that happened in the other street; the fire that broke out yesterday and killed three men—all of them parts of an intensely interesting drama. Also are the hundreds of charities; the gracious and kindly deeds; the mind-nourishing entertainments; the eloquent sermons; the glittering pageants; these are all frequent legitimate blessings of the city life.

We may set it down as a fact that both environments are full of advantages and disadvantages—blessings and curses; that both are indispensable, not only to the development, but to the existence of our race, and if we use them rightly we may every day feel to thank God for both the city and the country.

Will Carleton.

THEY MISSED THE BOAT, And Concluded to Marry to Avoid Scandal.

HUNTING FOR A PARSON.

A New York despatch says: Edward Brown, property man of the Star Theatre, Brooklyn, who lives at No. 52 St. Mark's place, in that city, went to Bowery Bay with Miss Agnes Neill on Wednesday. She is 19 years old and a governess at No. 155 East Forty-ninth street, this city. Edward had courted her for a year and the wedding was fixed for September 8th.

They missed the last boat to this city from Bowery Bay and took a trolley car to Williamsburg, but when they reached the Twenty-third street ferry Agnes told Edward that, as it was 11 o'clock, she would not go home. The house in which she lived was locked up at that hour.

Here was a dilemma indeed. They finally concluded to get married at once, but they hunted in vain for a clergyman. Then, in desperation, they went to the Lee Avenue Police Station, hoping in a vague way that the sergeant might be able to perform the ceremony.

So it was that Sergeant Joseph Hayes heard their story and sympathized with them. Agnes, who is fair haired, young and pretty, was blushing vigorously during the recital, and Edward himself was so embarrassed that it was with difficulty he told of the predicament.

"If there is a clergyman in town," said the kind-hearted sergeant, calling Policeman "Jerry" Reagan, "find him

STORING STABLE FOOD.

Summer Vegetables Laid Away for Winter Use.

MILK SUPPLY INCREASED.

Ensilage, Beets, Carrots and Parsnips Recommended as Well as a Mess of Roots—Valuable Farm Hints.

A greater production of milk in winter would be secured if a supply of succulent food could be stored away for use during that season of the year. The farmer has several crops at his command, such as ensilage, beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips. It may not be necessary to grow them all, but there is something gained, however, in having a variety. When cows can be given a ration composed of not only hay and grain, but other dry foods as well, with a mess of roots once a day for a change, the diet will be such as to promote greater consumption of food and a corresponding increase of milk. Cows differ in their preference of food, and this fact alone should be an indication that each individual must be treated according to her peculiarities. Although a herd may exceed the average in production, yet some individual may not be partial to the food allowed, and fail to fulfill expectations. It is in such cases that the farmer who is well supplied with a variety of food will be enabled to provide for each animal according to its desires, and thus increase the product.

EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING.

Experiments have been made with all kinds of root crops, beets and carrots having the preference. Turnips are used, but objection is made that they affect the flavor of milk, though they are excellent for steers, calves, pigs and sheep. The feeding of beets to cows has demonstrated that they increase the consumption of other foods, promote a greater flow of milk, and add to the butterfat, but the cost was not as low as when ensilage was used, the latter standing first in value, considering its cost, though beets can be grown profitably as a winter food also. When both ensilage and beets are fed, especially in connection with the regular rations of hay, grain, etc., the results have been much more satisfactory than when any single food was given. Beets and grain will show better results than either beets or grain alone, and the same applies to ensilage. As these facts have been demonstrated by tests, the importance of a variety should not be overlooked.

ROOTS FOR FATTENING STOCK.

Animals that are intended to give a profit by increased weight of the body instead of producing something, such as steers, wethers and store hogs, are carried over into winter with the view of fattening them as rapidly as possible after the crops have been harvested. Steers and sheep are made to consume food that is not considered the best for cows (producers), and the most rapid gain in weight has resulted when grain and roots have been used for that purpose. A large crop of turnips should be an object, especially as there is yet time to grow them. The small potatoes also are valuable for stock, and no farmer should fail to grow a crop of carrots for his horses. When carrots are grown and fed to cows the milk is of a deeper color, and they are a luxury to all animals, in fattening animals for market the food should be such as to cause them to gain rapidly, and the value of roots is increased by their dietary effect in inducing greater consumption of other foods as well as lessening the cost.

VARIOUS USEFUL NOTES.

Have you a pair of scales? They are next in importance to a pencil in active service.

Color, flavor and grain are three essential elements of butter.

The present low prices of farm products makes it necessary to reduce their cost of production to the minimum.

In experiments made by the Arkansas experiment station Bordeaux mixture proved the best preventive of apple scab.

If you keep your milk and cream in the cellar along with turnips, potatoes and rotten pumpkins, and have no other place to keep milk and cream, sell your cows.

A dairy writer says that you had better begin dairying with two cows and a strong desire to thoroughly learn the business, than with ten cows and a

OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse,  
As thin as a rail,  
As fat as a porpoise,  
As rough as a sale,  
As brave as a lion,  
As sly as a cat,  
As bright as a sixpence,  
As weak as a rat,  
As proud as a peacock,  
As sly as a fox,  
As mad as a March hare,  
As strong as an ox,  
As fair as a lily,  
As empty as air,  
As rich as was Croesus,  
As cross as a bear,  
As pure as an angel,  
As neat as a pin,  
As smart as a steel trap,  
As ugly as sin,  
As dead as a door nail,  
As white as a sheet,  
As flat as a pancake,  
As red as a beet,  
As round as an apple,  
As black as your hat,  
As brown as a berry,  
As blind as a bat,  
As mean as a miser,  
As full as a tick,  
As plump as a partridge,  
As sharp as a stick,  
As clean as a penny,  
As dark as a pall,  
As hard as a millstone,  
As bitter as gall,  
As fine as a fiddle,  
As clear as a bell,  
As dry as a herring,  
As deep as a well,  
As light as a feather,  
As hard as a rock,  
As stiff as a poker,  
As calm as a clock,  
As green as a gosling,  
As brisk as a bee,  
And now let me stop,  
Lest you weary of me.

MY NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor was a widder, an' she hed a run-down farm. An' her cows an' pigs an' chickens done a mighty lot o' harm To my fields ajinin', an' I stood it quite a while. Till I wouldn't be imposed on in no sich kind o' style.

So, I looked my very maddest as I walked up to her door. Till she looked up at me smilin' while a washin' up the floor. An' her cheeks was red as roses an' her hair as black as night. I forgot to scold an' sass her, for she seemed so sweet an' bright.

But my hand was to the plow now, an' it wouldn't never do To forget the considerations jes' by lookin' in at her shoe. So I gathered up my anger an' I said: "Now, Mrs. Brown," An' my tone put out her eyes' light an' the lashes they fell down.

But I ain't no man for foolin', an' I went right on to say How her pigs eat all my melons an' her cows eat tons of hay; How her chickens scratched my corn out, an' I wouldn't hev it so. Gittin' harder all the time, like a mad-man will, you know.

Then the widder she looked up, with a teardrop on her cheek. An' a somethin' in her throat that wouldn't let her speak. But she sobbed an' cried out in a kind o' teary tone: Thet she had no one to help er, an' was poor an' all alone.

An' my hand was off the plow then an' a reachin' out for hern. I hed learnt a sudden lesson that I never thought I'd learn. Well, my scoldin' was a failure, seein' what I thought to do. For her pigs an' cows are all here, an' the widder's with 'em, too.

—Will. F. McSparran.

LOVE'S DELIGHTFUL STORY.

Dost thou dally ask to hear At what gentle seasons Nymphs relent, when lovers near Press the tenderest reasons? Ah, they give their faith too oft To the careless cooer Maiden's heart is always soft; Would that men's were truer.

Woo the fair one, when around Early birds are singing; When o'er all the fragrant ground Every herb and flower is springing. When the brookside bank and grove, All with blossoms laden, Shine with beauty, breathe of love—Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush, Summer eve is slaking; When, on rills that softly gush, Stars are softly winking; When, through boughs that knit the bowers, Moonlight gleams are stealing; Woo her, till the gentle hour Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes Tint the woody mountain;

him gather his cereals. The microbes of all diseases that a plant can entertain constantly endeavor to make his product their camping ground.

But, worse than this, he is hunted by his own race. Capitalists and middlemen are always studying how to get his crops at half price, or to charge wreckers' rates for moving them to market. Peddlers walk and drive up and down the roads and lanes to sell him mechanical disasters for hard-earned money. Swindlers by trade pound the pillow with their cunning heads or fish in the midnight oil to find some new way of robbing him without personal violence. In spite of open-air habits, bad health constantly pursues the agriculturist, and often runs him down. Lawsuits have time to grow and fester into silent vendettas, and feed the attorneys from his stacks and bins. Is it any wonder that so many farmers rise in the morning with an old rusty mortgage on their hearts, work all day, lifting and prying under it, and fall asleep at night to dream that it is crushing their very souls?

Not but that there are brighter pictures upon the wall of a country sky: hours of peace, patches of sunshine, days of happiness. The long winter evening visits, the plates of apples by the hearth, the foaming mugs of cider, the harvest homes, the picnics, the festivals—these may all bring their blessed smiling faces into every rural life. Rainy days, winter storms, tranquil Sundays, all give him lessons of more or less contented rest. If he loves to think and dream, the wide spaces occupied only by the works of God, give him great opportunity. But whoever expects country life to be a Garden of Eden into which Satan's curiosity has not yet led him to intrude will find himself terribly deceived by this same Satan.

Temporary sojourn in country districts for city people is a modest prelude to Heaven, if they can afford it. They find it very pleasant to drive upon rural streets behind a pair of prancing grays or bays, feeling a well-filled portmanteau in their pockets, and looking placidly at the country people ploughing furrows and raking the ground. It occurs to them that a widow would like to do some of

Notice is. So they would—for about section 36, etc. 1887, that a girl is generally rosy-estate of Laura, of limb, and light of Camden, in the time more contented 7th day of October, than is her send by post (pre) a hundred devices Dorothea & Madden, or life enjoyable, that the County of Lennox and the County of Edward Mackin, executor, can not dis-Testament of the said Laura of everything; or before the superior

11th day of December, after their names, addresses, and descriptions might any by them held, and that aff of sleight the said executor will proceed, and rural assets of the said Laura draw to a close—among the parties, placed than her brother, being had only to place where there is executor will define competition for her any part there scope for her faculties—a whose claim for her charms and abilities, duly verified, and more powerfully to the Solicitor-General she has more in common dated A. But if she goes there without adequate firmness or protection, it will at the first nightfall let loose upon her the unclean mouths of a thousand murderous wolves.

There may be found now and then in the country a person who exists in five-score years, and several who are near to eighty. Sometimes an old man has always lived on the same farm, says he never had any desire to travel, and recalls many occasions of thrilling incident and blood-curdling adventure, right in his own township. Such souls did not get all there is in existence, but they have a restful time.

Life in the city is an effort to make up for the shortness of one's days, by added intensity—just as houses are built seventeen stories high for lack of room. The city at its best is hurry without confusion; promptness without friction; stern justice without litigation. It is intended to be the incarnation of handiness; it is a great, dextrously complicated machine for saving time. You need walk nowhere; you have not to wait an hour for everything you wish in work or play; every particle of desirable and undesirable matter is numbered, labeled, stored, and smiling awaits your order.

The very vices are here systemized, and all the grand central depots of railroads that lead to the infernal regions are accessible by improved underground branches. If you are able to press the golden button of financial inducement, the city will do the rest, and can go to ruin with a dematch and rap-

during the recital, and Edward himself was so embarrassed that it was with difficulty he told of the predicament.

If there is a clergyman in town," said the kind-hearted sergeant, calling Policeman "Jerry" Reagan, "I had him and ask him to marry some young folks." And they went with the policeman to the home of the Rev. James H. Darlington, of Christ Church, and the Rev. Dr. C. L. Twing, of Calvary Church, but these clergymen were out of town. Then Reagan rang the door bell of the Rev. Alexander Lewis, of New England Congregational Church, who lives in a flat at No. 142 Rodney street. Mr. Lewis opened his window, and when told what was wanted, said:

"Well, this is unusual, and looks odd, but all good citizens should obey the police. I'll come down and let you in." And so they were married.

#### HOW TO COOK STRING BEANS.

The Necessity of Preparing Them Carefully and Just How to Do It.

After stringing the beans thoroughly by breaking off the top and removing the string from one side, then breaking off the bottom and removing the string from the other, wash them in cold water. Drain them and throw them into an abundance of boiling water which has been well salted. Drain them again after they have cooked slowly for an hour and a half and immerse the colander in which they were drained in cold water. They are now ready, when cold, to be served in a salad, to be heated up "a la creme" or served in any way you wish. This cooling or blanching process seems a strange one to the American cook, but it is really a great improvement to string beans and is altogether the best way to serve them in salad.

To serve the beans "a la creme" beat up a cup of rich milk. Mix a few tablespoonfuls of cream with it, if you are not certain of its richness. Thicken it with a tablespoonful of butter in which a teaspoonful of flour has been mixed. Season the sauce with salt and pepper and add the beans, which, for this purpose, should be cut across in small lengths, slanting the knife to give them a diamond effect. Let the beans boil up slowly for about ten minutes in the cream sauce. If you wish you can add the yolk of an egg (beaten with a little of the hot sauce after taking up the beans), to the remainder of the sauce. This must not be boiled after adding the eggs, but set in a pan of boiling water and stirred continually for four or five minutes. Pour the sauce over the beans and serve them at once.

To serve the beans "au blanc" do not blanch them, that is, do not cool them in cold water after cooking them, but drain off the water they are boiled in, leaving about a cupful to a quart of beans. Add the juice of half a lemon, and finally the yolk of an egg mixed with two or three tablespoonfuls of cream. If this is done carefully the eggs and cream will not curdle. Add a teaspoonful of minced parsley just before taking up the beans. Beans cooked in this way are of a much lighter color than beans which have been blanched.

Britanny seems to be the special home of the bean, for "potage a la Bretonne" is nothing more than a potage of beans, and "a la Bretonne," referring to a meat of sauce, means that there is a mixture of beans in it. In Britanny and many other parts of France string beans are cooked in stock, after first cooking them in water. To prepare them in this way, drain and blanch them. Fry a small onion, chopped fine, in a tablespoonful of butter. Add two cups of rich white stock. Let them simmer in this stock for about ten minutes. Season them well with salt and pepper. Add a teaspoonful of parsley, if you wish, and serve the beans at once.

#### TIPPED THE WAITER.

"Did you give the waiter a tip?" asked one of two young men who had just taken dinner.

"You bet I did," replied the one who was loudly dressed. "It was the only way I could get even with him for the way he treated us."

"What do you mean?"

"I told him to back Gluefoot straight and Mud Pet for a place in to-morrow's race. If he gets out of debt in a month he'll be lucky."

place to keep milk and cream, sell your cows.

A dairy writer says that you had better begin dairying with two cows and a strong desire to thoroughly learn the business, than with ten cows and a confident feeling that you can succeed as well as old hands in the business.

Apple trees should be pruned so that all parts may easily be reached by a spray; well-pruned trees allow free access of light and air among their branches, which prevents fungi from obtaining so strong a foothold.

The results obtained this season from the application of a combination of the Bordeaux mixture and Paris green or London purple show that the use of such a combination is valuable and practicable for the treatment of the apple scab fungus and the apple worm, even in a wet season.

Men who have made money from breeding and selling dairy stock have raised their standard of excellence right along, says an exchange, and every herd owner should see that his herd is better this year than it was last.

Since 1873, 1,877,000 acres of farm land in England have passed out of actual cultivation to pasture or meadow. In 1873 over 11 per cent. of all farm lands were in wheat. To-day less than six per cent. are in that grain. In 1873 the British farmer could sell wheat for \$1.70 per bushel. To-day, with 2,000,000 acres less in cultivation, wheat is worth but 78 cents.

Turkeys do not fatten well in confinement, says a writer. A week or ten days is as long as they can be cooped without loss of condition. The best plan is to feed abundantly twice a day with corn and then pen for one week before marketing. If the turkeys will not appear promptly at feeding time, don't grieve about it; they are getting plenty outside and will flesh up all the same.

If you have no good place out of doors for your house plants, and you do not care to keep them indoors through the summer, get the man or boys of the family to set four posts a little taller than your head and nail some strips around them. Then tack on lath, or in case this is not at hand, a thin cotton cloth, and you will have all the shade and shelter your plants require, and they will be sure to get all the air they need, besides having a lounging place or summer-house. Make it a trifle ornamental, and it will be a constant pleasure to the eye.—Vick's Magazine.

Treating seed potatoes by immersing the cut tubers in a 2 per cent. solution of corrosive sublimate has been found a sure remedy for scab. It should be impressed on those who handle the solution, however, that it is an active poison, and great care should be exercised with it.

#### WANTED TO REVERSE BLACKSTONE.

A certain justice of the peace from the State of Iowa having arrived, previous to a trial, at a conclusion upon a question of law highly satisfactory to himself, refused to entertain an argument by the opposing counsel.

"If your Honor pleases," counsel pleaded, "I should like to cite a few authorities upon that point." Here he was sharply interrupted by the justice, who stated:

"The court knows the law, and is thoroughly advised in the premises, and has given his opinion, and that settles it."

"It was not," continued counsel, "with an idea of convincing your Honor that you were wrong, but I should like to show you what a d-n fool Blackstone was."—Argonaut.

#### JAPANESE PROVERBS.

Fortune's wheel revolves. Fortune will call at the smiling gate. All will fall into the fire-hole. (Said of the blind leading the blind.) Lend, hoping for another again. If you want to hurry up, go around. Secret charity opens the vestibule of fortune. Secret virtue shall be rewarded openly.

The one candle of the poor is equal to 10,000 lamps of the rich man. Approach too near to ink, you will be dyed with it.

The President of the United States has approved the act to subject to State taxation national bank notes and United States treasury notes.

Manager Huddart, of the proposed fast Atlantic line, replied yesterday to the letter of the Allans in the London Times of Saturday, and claimed that the St. Lawrence route is safer and more expeditious than that taken by the New York vessels.

When, through doughts that knit the brow,  
Moonlight gleams are stealing;  
Woo her, till the gentle hour  
Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes  
Tinge the woolly mountain;  
When the drooping foliage lies  
In the weedy, fountaineer;  
Let the scene, that tells how fast  
Youth is passing over,  
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,  
To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call  
At the lattice nightly;  
When, within the cheerful hall,  
Blaze the fagots brightly;  
When the wintry tempest round  
Sweeps the landscape hoary,  
Sweeten in her ear shall sound  
Love's delightful story.

—William Cullen Bryant.

#### BIBLES FROM THE BATH.

Keep the sponges clean and sweet. Never neglect the bath for the children.

If sea bathing is a fad it is a sensible one.

Try ammonia in the water for perspiring feet.

Have a good variety of towels for the bathroom.

A daily bath is one of the best preventives of cold.

Sea bathing is too vigorous for the confirmed invalid.

Use toilet soap for the bath; never the uncertain laundry article.

The Japanese often bathe at a temperature of 120 Fahrenheit.

Bathe the feet daily, or even more frequently, if they become weary and heated.

The bath means more than bodily cleanliness; it implies also a refreshing of the entire system.

The shock of a cold bath will naturally be followed in a few seconds by a strong reaction. A chill is quite a different thing and is dangerous.—Good Housekeeping.

#### INVENTED MEAT PIES.

Miss Beecher, a graduate of the Philadelphia Cooking School, is the inventor of a new and tempting way of serving in little meat pies left over beef and mutton. Chop the meat as for hash, and to every half pint add a half teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper, four teaspoonfuls of milk and two beaten eggs. Heat this mixture over the fire but do not cook it, and have ready about a pint of boiled rice (one cupful before cooking). Butter individual earthen molds and line them with the rice, fill with the meat mixture and cover the top with rice. Stand in a pan of boiling water and bake a quarter of an hour. Serve in the molds, placed on plates with a sprig of parsley on each, or turn on plates and serve with a brown sauce. The pies make a nice dinner or luncheon dish.

#### FURNISHING THE KITCHEN.

Two men stood looking into the window of a house furnishing store when one of them, who had been recently married, remarked:

"It cost me more to furnish the kitchen of my house than any other room in it, but I expect to get big interest on my money."

"In what way?" asked his friend.

"In the way of comfort. There isn't a modern kitchen utensil lacking, and for convenience, my wife says it beats the record. I wouldn't be ashamed to have any caller shown into that kitchen. Why, when I went home the other day our bridesmaid was beating eggs with the latest patent egg-beater, and she said it was more fun than playing the piano. Our cooking stove is a dandy, too. Come up and see for yourself," and as he swung on his car he looked as if he had solved the problem of domestic happiness.—House Furnishing Review.

#### THE EMPTINESS OF CHURCHES.

Preaching in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, Archbishop Farrar said he was not surprised at the emptiness of churches, and that many men held aloof not caring for the endless iteration of formulae and dogma. Perhaps, he added, the mass of men would have greater belief in the worth and goodness of sermons if they could see more marked difference between the lives of professing Christians and that of ordinary men.

Ernest Carnot, son of the late President Carnot, was married in Paris yesterday to Mile. Marguerite Chiris, daughter of Senator Chiris.

London, Ont., is pestered with tramps and crooks, and many petty robberies are reported from the suburbs.



There are thoughts that the mind cannot fathom,  
The mind of the animal male;  
But women abundantly have them,  
And mostly her notions prevail.  
And why ladies read what they do read  
Is a thing that no man may explain,  
And if any one asks for a true rede  
He asketh in vain.

Oh, why is each "passing repression"  
Of stories that gloomily bore,  
Received as the subtle expression  
Of almost unexpressed lore?  
In the dreary, the grubby, the grimy,  
Say, why do our women delight,  
And wherefore so constantly ply me  
With Ships in the Night?

Dear ladies, in vain you approach us,  
With Harbards, Hobbeses and Grands;  
For, alas! though you offer to coach us,  
Yet the soul of no man understands  
Why the grubby is always the moral,  
Why the nasty's preferred to the nice,  
While you keep up a secular quarrel  
With a gay little vice.

Yes, a vice with her lips full of laughter,  
A vice with a rose in her hair,  
A vice with a smile in the present and after,  
To darkness of utter despair;  
But a passion that's pale and played out,  
Or in surgical hands—you esteem it  
Worth scribbling about.

What is sauce for the goose, for the gander  
Is sauce, ye inconsequential fair!  
It is better to laugh than to maunder,  
And better is mirth than despair;  
And though life's not all beer and all skies,  
Yet the sun, on occasion, can shine,  
And, mon Dieu, he's a fool who belittles  
This cosmos of thine.

There are cakes, there is ale—ay, and ginger  
Shall be not in the mouth, as of old;  
And a villain, with cloak and with wing,  
And a hero, in armor of gold,  
And a maid with a face like a lily,  
With a heart that is stainless and gay,  
Make a tale worth a world of the silly  
Sad trash of to-day!

—Andrew Lang, in Longman's.

#### WHEN BABY GOES TO SLEEP.

When Katie takes the baby, and the nodding little head  
Gives token that it's weary and would  
Like to go to bed,  
An air of death-like stillness 'bout the house begins to creep,  
And everybody's silent when the baby goes to sleep.

Sometimes I get so frightened that I almost lose my breath—  
If I chance to make a bit of noise it scares me most to death,  
When from beneath a tiny eyebrow I see a half-way peep  
From big blue eyes, when baby has almost gone to sleep.

And when at last the twinkling of a tiny smile appears  
On lips that angel kisses softly touch as dreaming hears,  
I give a sigh of gladness that is full of thanks, and deep,  
That the world can once more move on, for baby's gone to sleep.

#### BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

He is a bachelor pro tem;  
His wife's away.  
And meanwhile you can make a memorandum—  
Life isn't play.

He sleeps in all the beds in turn.  
Twould make his wife's face set and stern  
If she could see how things are mused  
Since she went off, in placid trust  
That things would stay where they were  
While her dear hubby was bereft.

The bureau drawers are half pulled out,  
With shirts and socks strewn all about  
The floor, because he tried one day,  
To find a shirt she'd put away.

The parlor hasn't once been swept,  
His old cigar stamps he has kept  
Upon the centre table, where  
There chanced to be a small place bare.

Out in the kitchen in a pile  
Are all the dishes gathered while  
Her indolent, though loving, spouse  
Has been a bachelor keeping house.  
The pile will grow without a doubt  
As long as the supply holds out,  
Then he'll brace up, when need confronts,  
And wash the whole lot up at once.

The whole house has a musty air  
Of stale tobacco; everywhere  
Newspapers litter up the floor—  
And I could tell you of much more  
Which, if his dear wife knew of it,  
Would make her fall down in a fit.

O, things have gone to wreck and wrack  
While she's away,  
And you can bet when she comes back  
Life won't be play.

#### LOTUSICK VS. SEASICK.

With burning simile he led his blushing

# A FAIR MAIDEN'S NO.

## The Story of an Unprecedented Courtship and a Betrayed Trust.

(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

"By no means," came Carroll's quick reply. "In itself I should say that it was neither hollow nor false. Society, as I have seen it here, strikes me as an aim, an effort, toward excellent results. But I can only imagine it successful when it has become a picturesque relaxation for those chiefly concerned with less frivolous pursuits."

"Ah, yes," Channing sighed; "but would it then be picturesque?"  
"More so than it now seems to me. The diversion of idlers, must, of necessity, prove self-fatiguing. Where there is ennui there is inevitably dullness."

"How has he learned all this?" thought Channing. But aloud he said: "Give this mass of idlers the incentives of their intellectual superiors, would not their routs and dances and dinners flavor of a workmen's holiday?"

"It would at least be spontaneous and unmechanical. If society be anything, I should say that it is amusement. And the instant that amusement is made professional it becomes tedious. All gaiety as I take it, should be a relief, not an occupation. I have often read about the stupidity of social life in large towns like this. Is not the explanation easy? Satire is the sure shadow cast by over-indulgence. I would rather spend my life cultivating cabbages, with an occasional chance of looking into my neighbor's tropical hothouse, than pass the whole year round among those meadows of roses which are grown for the sake of essence in Asiatic Turkey."

"So, then, in the main, you disapprove society, Carroll?"

"I disapprove its claims which have too pompous a vaunt. It reminds me of certain assumptions on the part of Christianity, an institution, which in itself might be more acceptable to some of our finer minds if it did not so often assume to have invented all the human virtues."

"Your three stipulated months in this old Courtaine house have now passed," Channing said at another time. "Are you thinking of a return to Southmeadow, or have you resolved on that trip to Europe, in which I know you would find such relish and refreshment?"

"I shall stay here for the present," Carroll said. "I have many matters to keep me here; it is surprising how quickly we sometimes put forth new root in new soil."

"Ah, I know, you mean, of course, your charities. They accumulate naturally. Once place yourself in the full rush of the avalanche, and it will bury you forever."

"Not so ignominious a burial, I should say, after all," smiled Carroll. "A few affairs interest me," he added; "I've mentioned to you most of them."

"You've shown me that you're splendidly philanthropic, and that in doing good you behave as stealthily and surreptitiously as most men behave when they do evil. You've seen something of our blazoning newspapers, and you're as much afraid of them as if you forged cheques criminally, instead of signing them for the good of your fellow-men."

"Recalling dear old Southmeadow," said Carroll, with evasive thoughtfulness, "I confess that I should love to see it when May brings those green glimpses to the slopes of the hills and touches their big shoulders, at morning and evening, with that delicate, smoky blue. I should like to see the laurel thickets put out their lighter tints of emerald below the old, hard, glossy ones of leaves that had bruted all sorts of winter savageries. I should like to watch the slow and dignified unleafings of those brawny roadside elms. They're never really magistrates in the way of trees, you remember, till they're confident the wavering politics of spring will fully endorse their mild administrations. They wait for summer to come and support them, notwithstanding that venturesome spring flings out its green banners everywhere before it is even sure that the tyranny of March has ended such an awful dynasty of despots as that which began with ruffian December and went straight on through the icy assassinations of January and February. But grass grows wiser as it grows older;

that lady simply laid down her inseparable novel and answered calmly: "How perfectly awful! But so many of the Rutgers family have gone off in just the same way!"

Philippa's reply was to fall in a dead swoon on an opportune sofa. For days afterward she was so ill as to forget her old solitude for her mother, whose least plaint had so disturbed her. She lay in bed wholly prostrated while the funeral of Winthrop Rutgers took place. But Carroll went to it, and to the grave at Woodlawn cemetery as well. Channing also went; and when all was over, and the two turned away, Carroll said with breaking voice to his friend:

"Ah, Chalmers, Chalmers, how my heart aches for that poor girl!"

Channing, with his doubts, reserves and opinions, made answer: "She may not, after all, be so bereaved. She may still—"

"No, no!" insisted Carroll, "she loved that one man absorbingly. I know of what I speak. God help her, poor girl, poor girl!"

He paused and dropped his head. Sudden sobs racked him. They were apart, together, in a quiet spot, engirt with the white emblems of death. At a slight distance beyond the other mourners were filling slowly from the cemetery, below a clouded sky, full of cold, grey, mutable lights.

"Carroll," exclaimed Channing, as he seized his friend's arm, "it's like fate! You love her and you'll marry her still!"

"Never, never," he spoke with very agitated voice, but in another instant he was self-controlled. Sometime before they quitted the grounds of the graveyard he said earnestly and most meaningfully to Channing:

"I wish I were as certain of some day leaving the world a little better than I found it as I am certain that she has never loved any man but Rutgers."

"Oh, love can change so!" said Channing, with a sort of sober gaiety. "As the poet tells us, you know, it flies like a bird from tree to tree." Allow that she loved him this year and the last, and the last before that. Next year (why not?) she may give to you—"

"Hush, Chalmers!"

Carroll laid his hand on the speaker's arm, and added, with tones that were decision itself, although vibrant with feeling:

"I don't want that sort of love. I would never prize it; I would never seek it; I would never accept it!"

#### VIII.

Philippa grew gradually better. Her illness had almost defied the physicians at first; it had been a complete nervous collapse, in which vitality had flickered low, like the flame of a lamp whose defective wick no fresh oil could properly feed. But at length convalescence came; and with it came a great joy that for some blessed reason her weak nerved mother had not sunk into a fresh illness because of her own wretched attack.

"Dear mamma," she kept saying, as soon as she was well enough to think and talk rationally, "I am so glad that you took it all with such splendid firmness."

"There was nothing else for me to do," Mrs. Chadwick would reply, with that ostentatious vanity which chronic invalids are wont to show when periods of strength revisit them. "There was no one but myself to nurse you, my dear, and I rose to the occasion."

Philippa soon learned from the sturdy and faithful servant, who had been her nurse since childhood, that this was all the most apocryphal sort of declaration on her mother's part, but she did not mind the harmless fairy tale; it even gratified her as a proof of the poor lady's more promising health.

As her own health improved she was forced to see several people, and Mrs. Bellasay was almost first to pay her a cousinly call.

"I heard from Mrs. Bellasay that you were brighter and stronger," he went on with a quick toss of the head and a gesture of intolerance she interrupted him.

"Please don't speak of that insupportable woman!" she pleaded. "I felt like ailing my room the last time she left it."

"Indeed?"

"Let us talk of something else. Have you made up your mind to see Europe this summer?"

"No." And he added, with a smile: "I shall try Southmeadow instead."

"Your beloved Southmeadow? How you will enjoy seeing it again!"

"I'm fond of it certainly. But it will be full of mournful memories now."

"Ah, yes. Your mother and your old teacher. I recollect."

"And then there is another feeling about going back there."

"Another feeling?"

"I shall have lived very deeply since I left that peaceful place. All these earlier years will be nothing beside the few months that have followed the—"

She understood him, and with quickening heartbeats. He had once told her that he loved her, and only such a brief while ago! For herself, she had never loved any man but him—the slow, dragging interim of her engagement had made that fact too fatally plain. All through those weeks her torment of mind had been so savage that almost suicidal moods had been begotten of it. Not grief, not bereavement, but the unadon shock of release, the would deal freedom after bitter thoughts of unadon bondage, had flung her of some of ilious illness.

This Carroll totally fertility to steer What was to her future. shackles meant she is selling immense dire blow. Rutger Flour.

See? King's are weak or defective, have large Society and the defect corrected last me nothing of your eyesight, and ing folds we follow of spectacles, is no great spiritual. I like us. We have in of self-reproach, suspicion, with all the thought how ill-timed as there is no allusion to whatever penny not take ad-avoidable preference had & BROS.

Not waiting for her to go, she went on: "But pray pardon me, I don't come here to speak of my troubles. Whatever they have, I'm still here, I am fortunately blessed with a man's power to bear them."

She knew that her color deepened a little as she answered: "And then time has its lenitives for all our wounds. When the scar has come the pain has nearly always quite departed."

She did not like this speech, even while she was making it. But there seemed such difficulty in saying anything that would not have for his ears the wrong ring.

"With you," he quickly answered, "the scar can surely not yet have come?"

She hated the hypocrisy of letting him believe that Rutgers' death had not been a stern affliction. And yet, was not this man but lately her accepted lover? In another minute she found her lips quietly framing the response:

"I trust soon to face the future with much more courage than now. Already I find myself of better cheer. One either dies under calamity, or fights it and conquers."

"Those are brave words!" he exclaimed. "It pleases me so much to hear you utter them."

His eyes were beaming toward her with their well-remembered comminglement of innocence and strength, of childlike trust and virile firmness. But she dreaded now to meet their full and fearless gaze. She had divined in him the secure depth of his own complete misunderstanding.

He would never guess the truth. Their conversation became a mockery now. She longed to end it, and yet longed to continue it. As a consequence her talk became fitful, broken, unauthentic. She said things that she did not mean, or meant but partially, or that sounded to her own ears like the very ruff-raff of platitudes. Once or twice she contradicted herself in a weak and even flourishing way. She was glad to have him go, and yet almost hysterically sorry. His last sentences, in which he told her that she must always count on him if she needed any sort of friendly aid, were easily

And you can bet when she comes back  
Life won't be play.

#### LOVESICK VS. SEASICK.

With beaming smile he led his blushing  
bride  
Aboard the ocean ship, and fondly  
hoped  
The blissful voyage would fulfill his  
dreams  
(The couple had that afternoon eloped).  
The steamer vast passed swiftly from the  
shore;  
Left far behind was each familiar  
view;  
And as the moments passed the sun sank  
low,  
And night encompassed round the lovers  
true.

He drew her close in rapturous embrace,  
And whispered—kissing lips, and throat  
and brow—  
"At last we are alone, hearts beat as  
one,  
No power on earth can separate us  
now!"

She gazed into his eyes; and murmured  
low:  
"I don't regret eloping, though unlaw-  
ful;  
My love is true, I'm sure my heart's all  
right,  
But, Charlie, dear, my stomach feels  
just awful."

#### A SAFE ATTACHMENT.

The door of many a maiden's heart  
Is slightly fastened, ill defended;  
A whispered word, a blush, a start,  
The key has turned, the siege is ended.  
But she'll worship him but mock  
At thoughts of such sweet perturba-  
tion.

Her heart has got a patent lock,  
And no one knows the combination.

Ah, if the word be "love," my dear,  
Which opens all your heart's fair treas-  
ure  
I'll strive for entrance without fear,  
For my devotion knows no measure.  
But if it opens to "money," I  
Can never even dare to try it;  
Your dear perfection comes too high  
For me to ever hope to buy it.

#### A SLEEP SONG.

Sleep, O my darling, sleep;  
Safe folded are the sheep;  
The faint stars lie in the quiet sky,  
The soft wind croons thy lullaby;  
The leaves upon the linden tree  
Are whispering tenderly to thee,  
And close at hand lies Slumberland  
O sleep, my darling, sleep.

Wake, O my darling, wake,  
The sunbeams kiss the lake;  
The seagulls fly to the eastern sky,  
The happy ships are sailing by;  
The birds upon the linden tree  
Are calling merrily to thee,  
The whole glad earth is rimmed with  
mirth.  
O wake, my darling, wake.

#### WHEN BABY PUT ON PANTS.

It's a day we all remember, and its scene  
of solemn state  
Still casts a gleam of sadness, when at  
home we congregate,  
For a baby form is missing, and no child-  
ish prattle grunts  
Its music sweet, retreating, since the  
baby put on pants.

'Twas a transformation truly, and it  
marked an epoch grave,  
It took away dear babyland and boyhood  
to us gave;  
The change could be discovered with the  
slightest kind of glance  
At the pride and dazed face of baby—that  
day he put on pants.

It closed the door of lullaby and opened  
wide the gate  
That leads from arms of mother to the  
bill of man's estate.  
The light of dawning future 'cross the  
fragrant pathway slants  
Of baby and entrails him—on the day  
he puts on pants.

#### THE FLOWER AND THE SUN.

When flower cups closed in the evening  
wind—  
For the happy day was done—  
One blossom of gold grew pale and sad,  
For she missed her love, the sun.

That morn when she opened her sleepy eyes  
On the world to her so new  
The sun had been first to kiss her cheek  
And lend her his splendid hue,  
And all through the happy summer day  
She swayed in his mellow light,  
While wild birds sang and the cool brook  
glided  
And her life was sweet and bright.

But faint and fainter his dear light grew  
As the gray mist came o'er all,  
And pale grew her cheek where gold had  
been,  
As she saw the shadows fall.

When darkness fell on the lonesome wood  
In sorrow she drooped her head,  
For had not Night slain the golden sun,  
And was not her lover dead?

sure that the tyranny of March has ended  
such an awful dynasty of despots as  
that which began with ruffian December  
and went straight on through the icy as-  
sassinations of January and February.  
But grass grows wiser as it grows older;  
it temporizes with the resurrected aris-  
tocracies of the violets and crocuses." Here  
Carroll, pardonably in love with his own  
impromptu metaphor, threw back his  
head and softly laughed. "There  
always seems to me," his mellow voice  
went on, "such a delightfully ely and in-  
sidious compromise between that des-  
perado, that green republican, as one  
might call grass, and the calm mon-  
archy of summer, under which it con-  
sents to serve so long, placid days as  
the very carpet on which she may rest  
her lazy, if sovereign, feet."

He said all this dreamily, and Chan-  
ning, as he listened and watched him,  
wondered if a man like Winthrop Rut-  
gers would treat it with merely a ridi-  
culous snig.

In the disapprobation of solitude Car-  
roll nowadays accepted certain offers of  
hospitality from those with whom his  
mild and wealth wrought strongly as a  
motive for desiring his presence. Phil-  
lippe heard of his having gone here and  
there, and one day to her mother (whose  
mournful murmurings had now grown al-  
most a torture) she said, in her old  
weary, indifferent voice:

"Anna Bellayse told me yesterday  
that she had Carroll Courtaine there to  
dine."

"Yes?" whined Mrs. Chadwick, dis-  
continuing her chronic novel, read  
equally by lamplight and daylight. "So  
he is going out more into the world."

"Oh, he goes out a good deal. Why  
shouldn't a man go after a few months  
of mourning? I find that they all do.  
It's only we women who have to obey  
the letter of the law in its least de-  
tails." She bent down and inhaled the  
fragrance of some big red roses that Rut-  
gers had sent her on the previous day.

"I think," said Mrs. Chadwick, with  
a king of querulous austerity, "that  
women defy laws in their way just as  
men do in theirs." She gave a thin  
cough, and sighingly added: "The laws  
of affection, for example." Phillippe  
sighed below her breath. She did not  
want her mother to hear that sigh.

Ever since her engagement she had had  
trouble with her mother. Mrs. Chadwick  
had narrowly escaped a relapse when  
her engagement was announced, and  
now she would frequently deport her-  
self with the most aggrieved petulance.

There were times when Phillippe  
would have given worlds to tell her  
that Carroll had chosen some other  
woman. As regarded her own depart-  
ment, she held herself very collected and  
firm, nerved before maternal eyes. What  
her mother had fervently desired, what  
she still took occasion to make evident  
that she fervently desired, Phillippe  
had burdensome and dismal reasons for  
ignoring.

"The laws of affection?" she now re-  
peated coldly. "Oh, mamma, how you  
will harp on that idea of my not being  
properly fond of Winthrop."

With gloomy haste, "Very well, my  
dear, you've made your choice."

Phillippe, still leaning above her san-  
guine-tinted roses, gave monotonously  
sweet response: "Dear, dear, as if I had  
any choice as far as concerned him!"

"You had, you had," insisted Mrs.  
Chadwick, across the page of her re-  
sumed book, "you liked him; you liked  
him exceptionally. Nothing can ever per-  
suade me that you could not have mar-  
ried him if you had chosen."

"Well, let it be as you say," answered  
Phillippe, colorlessly. "As things go I  
might as well be the wife of Winthrop.  
You told me, mamma dear, that you  
had done with all complaining. We've  
settled everything between us, have we  
not? I'm sorry I never mentioned Car-  
roll Courtaine's name. I only did so to  
show you that he wasn't the inconsol-  
able as your fancy paints him."

That very afternoon a brief note  
came to her. She shuddered, and nearly  
swooned as she read it. "At death's  
door," she said to her maid huskily,  
while wraps were being put on her and  
a carriage was being summoned.

"Have courage, Miss Phillippe," came  
the servant's voice. "It may not be so  
bad. His landlady has scribbled these  
lines. Perhaps she is only frightened,  
and when you get to him all will be  
over."

All was over when Phillippe stood be-  
side her lover. He had died, quickly  
and somewhat painlessly, as so many  
of his family had died before him. An  
hour ago well and active, now mute,  
sallow-cheeked, listless dead!

She dreaded the getting home and  
telling her mother. But when, with  
staggering gait and ashen face, she did  
impert the news to Mrs. Chadwick,

scold her.  
"You're looking much better than I  
expected to find you, Phillippe. I was so  
sorry you couldn't appear at the fun-  
eral. For, of course, my dear, it caused  
remark; and you know as well as I do  
that there is such a thing as making  
real, determined efforts. I'm sure I  
have to make them every day of my  
life. I have to do it with dear Jack.  
He's called a model husband by every-  
body, and yet sometimes he is very ir-  
ritating and unreasonable."

"So you make an effort, do you, Anna,  
to bear with your mutinous Jack?" As  
Phillippe spoke these words, an accent  
of satire haunted each syllable. "Well,  
as regards myself, I can only tell you  
that on the day of poor Winthrop's fu-  
neral nearly everything was a blank to  
me. The doctors now say that they  
feared heart failure. I believe some-  
thing of the sort really happened to  
me. But, as you see, I live to tell the  
ghastly tale."

"Was it actually so dreadful?"  
sighed Mrs. Bellayse, with what her  
listener could not but feel an insulting  
lubriciousness. "Well, you're all right  
now, and I'm so glad! By the way, Car-  
roll Courtaine dined with us yesterday.  
He seemed wonderfully improved."

"Improved? How?" asked Phillippe.

"Oh, he's more civilized, don't you  
know?"

"Really, I never knew that he ate  
with his knife, Anna."

Mrs. Bellayse gave an acid giggle.  
"No, he used it in other ways. He  
stabbed people with it when they were  
most unprepared."

"I'm thankful that I escaped un-  
scathed."

"Very probably he spares you, Philip-  
pe. And he spoke about you with  
great anxiety and solicitude."

"He seems so convinced that you've  
had a blow from which you will never  
thoroughly recover. He said, in most  
distinct terms, that he felt you would  
live unmarried for the rest of your life."

Phillippe's eyes kindled, a little irate-  
ly. "He discussed me like that, did he?  
Was it not, Anna, because you were  
in a scolding vein, and attacked me?"

"Attacked you? I?" piped Mrs. Bells-  
ayse, turning pale and greatly scandal-  
ized. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Phillippe, in her  
old weary tones. "That is, nothing and  
a great deal. You probably assailed me  
for having played ill, and Carroll Court-  
aine defended me by just the remark  
you have quoted."

"Phillippe Chadwick!" exclaimed her  
cousin, with extreme haughtiness. And  
then there would probably have been  
some scolding in hearty earnest if the  
mother of the recovering invalid had  
not glided up and said:

"Now, dear Anna, I can't permit my  
poor child to get in the least excited.  
Truly, I cannot!"

And Mrs. Bellayse presently with-  
drew, doubtless all the more furious at  
her young relative because she had hit  
upon the exact motive for Carroll's re-  
ported speech.

"Do think," said Phillippe to her  
mother when they were alone together,  
"that Anna grows more and more  
horrid and impossible every year of her  
life."

"And so do I!" assented Mrs. Chad-  
wick, with a celerity that swiftly  
roused in her daughter a queer suspi-  
cion. This suspicion gathered force as  
Phillippe's parent went on. "In her  
way Anna is the most jealous of wo-  
men. I read her perfectly, though she  
may think I don't. She would hate the  
idea of Carroll Courtaine ever trying  
to take poor Winthrop's place, dead, be-  
cause she wants none of her family  
ever to marry a single inch above her-  
self. She'd be inconsolable if—"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" almost shout-  
ed Phillippe, coloring to her eyebrows.  
"When you speak like that you make  
me feel as if I'd refuse to see Carroll  
Courtaine, even though he should send  
me the humblest petition to come and  
give me his condolences!"

But Carroll, about a week later, sent  
no such humble petition, and yet was  
received with gracious welcome.

"Oh, yes, I am much better now,"  
said Phillippe, while she dropped into a  
chair and motioned for him to take one  
scarcely a yard away. "Don't I show my  
illness?"

"Yes, you are a trifle paler and thin-  
ner. Your sorrow has had its effect—  
and why not? You have suffered ter-  
ribly, of course. But I am glad your  
suffering has left upon you no more  
marked impress."

"The shock," said Phillippe, breaking  
a somewhat long pause, "was naturally  
most acute."

"The shock—yes," Carroll answered,  
with his eyes on the carpet. Suddenly

weak and even flourishing way. She  
was glad to have him go, and yet al-  
most hysterically sorry. His last sen-  
tences, in which he told her that she  
must always count on him if she needed  
any sort of friendly aid, were easily  
translatable as a final farewell, and  
equivalent to his having said that the  
ghost of her lost sweetheart must ever  
rise between them, and that her own  
sorrow and constancy must ever push  
them apart.

"He didn't make half as long a visit  
as I expected, dear," said her mother  
when she was again upstairs and had  
dropped into the big cushioned chair  
that was now almost her sole practical  
reminder of what a sick girl she had  
lately been.

"He stayed very long, I think," she  
answered, with lips tightened at the  
corners and a faint quivering of the  
chin. "That is, considering how I may  
have bored him."

"May have bored him, Phillippe? Why,  
what are you saying?"

"And it will be his last visit for heaven  
knows how long," she went on, with  
black eyes and a restless little slapping  
of one hand on the tufted arm of the  
chair. "He believes me heart-broken.  
He thinks I've sustained an irreparable  
loss."

Mrs. Chadwick stared at her child.  
"And didn't you tell him?"—she began.

"Tell him what, mamma?" cried Phil-  
lippe, with a soft, wild laugh. She left  
her chair and slipped over to her  
mother's. Two rosy spots were burn-  
ing on her cheeks. "Tell him I en-  
gaged myself to poor Winthrop out of  
pique? Tell him my illness was more  
than half brought on because of horror  
and remorse at my own relief when I  
heard that frightful news?"

The two plunged their looks into  
each other's eyes for a moment. Then  
Phillippe caught both her mother's  
hands and sank down at her feet.

"Oh, mamma! I ought to be more  
careful. I've grown so cruel to you!  
And I used to watch and shield you so  
before I was taken ill! Soon I'll have  
you to nurse if I'm not more careful."

Mrs. Chadwick's eyes had filled with  
tears, and she was visibly trembling.

"I—I seem to be stronger, my dear,  
since you have lost your strain a matter  
of weeks. I've regained it."

"But your happiness, Phillippe! And the  
lost that when you really had the org-  
for the first time in your life, and a very  
great one."

"Hush, mamma," said Phillippe, fol-  
lowingly. "If I'm madly attached to a  
man, I'll add up to a 58 not  
satiric humor, but you know to a 30 not  
cure for your bad organ."

Mrs. Chadwick's organ  
stinted to 58 not Metal..... 58 notes 8  
ipped to 58 not Metal..... 58 " 8  
be dropped Disposition & Clari-  
58 " 8  
Well, my dear, Metal..... 58 " 4  
went on in Metal & Wood..... 58 " 4  
diately having Metal..... 58 " 273  
misunderstands it Metal..... 58 " 2

"Well, my dear, Metal..... 58 " 8  
went on in Metal & Wood..... 58 " 4  
diately having Metal..... 58 " 273  
misunderstands it Metal..... 58 " 2  
truth and can't see it, ma-  
is with his curious bring-  
lar restricted education..... 58 " 16  
ber what a woman of the..... 46 " 4  
to be. Oh, I could put it..... 46 " 4  
in such an adroitly delicate m-  
it would—"

"That it would kill me, mamma, if  
you ever did!"

The girl had sprung to her feet and  
was looking down at her mother now  
with a face of such stormy protest that  
its pathetic violence haunted the poor  
lady for hours afterward.

#### IX.

"It seems, Carroll, as if I hadn't seen  
you in six months."

"It's nearly a week, Chalmers."

"Upon my word, I believe you're  
right." And Channing, with a lighted  
cigarette, threw himself into the chair  
most to his taste of those in the  
library of his friend. It was only a  
little after 8 o'clock. Carroll had just  
dined in solitude at home, as he now  
quite often did. Channing looked a  
most patrician figure, with some white  
violets bunched massively in the lapel  
of his evening coat.

"I thought I might find you," he said,  
and have a chat before I go to the  
Lexington ball. You're probably not  
going, by the way?"

"It seems to me that I'm not bidden,"  
said Carroll, a little dubiously.  
Channing threw his head back, with a  
laugh. "How like you! It seems to me  
that I'm not bidden! You probably  
are, for the Courtaines and Lexingtons  
are somehow related, I think. And  
there are men in this town who would  
give an ear to be seen at their ball to-  
night."

On the table near him was a basket-  
ful of cards. Carroll turned and looked  
among them. "Ah, yes," he presently  
said. "It's one of those 'At home' af-



She takes her time—that is the sum

## MIDSUMMER DESSERTS.

Junket is Easily Made and is Very Wholesome.

This simple dessert is not so frequently used as it should be. If sweetened and flavored nicely and served, icy cold, with thick cream, it is unsurpassed as a warm weather dessert.

Put one quart of milk into a double boiler and stir it over the fire until it is lukewarm not one degree warmer, or it will be tough and full of whey. Sweeten it to taste, and add a dessertspoonful of vanilla, mix and stir until the sugar is dissolved, then add two teaspoonfuls of liquid rennet (this can be purchased of any grocer), stir quickly and turn at once into the dish in which it is to be served. Let it stand perfectly quiet on the kitchen table for about fifteen minutes, or until it is "set," then put it in a cold place until serving time. It should be dipped out with a scoop or small saucer, as dipping it out with a tablespoon causes it to break and to become tough and full of whey.

## CLABBERED MILK.

This is simply thick, sour milk, and is also called loppered milk or bonny clabber. It is one of the most wholesome of hot weather desserts, and if taken frequently a person soon grows very fond of it. I have frequently seen people shudder even at the thought of it, who after having taken it nicely prepared once or twice have thought it delicious. It must not be sour or tough, and needs a good supply of sugar and cream, and for myself I like a little nutmeg.

Procure good, fresh, skimmed milk, pour it into a covered glass dish and allow it to stand in a moderately warm place until it becomes firm and jelly-like, then stand it on the ice for a few hours and serve it in this same dish. It should be taken out with a scoop or saucer.

## CLOTTED CREAM.

This is cream raised by heat in such a manner that a small quantity of albumen is coagulated with it. It is delightful to serve with fruit or hot cakes, and is especially nice with sliced peaches. Take a perfectly bright, broad tin basin, and put a half a pint of ice water in it, then pour in four quarts of good Alderney milk. Stand this in a cold place, a refrigerator, for twelve hours (over night), then put it on the back part of the range, where it will slowly heat, the heat must never exceed that which the finger can easily bear, about 155 degrees F., but it must be kept at this temperature for about three hours, until more cream comes to the surface. Remove the cream with a skimmer, and add salt to it, and it is ready for use.

**be seen. JUNEEER DOES IN DAN- Note before. This applies to. debted to bridge or the red lights. train? His left hand is. mottle. He would close it. set in the same second his right and would grasp the sand lever, and with his left he would apply the brakes. With both hands in about the third second he would reverse the engine. Perhaps he has heard that old story that to reverse a locomotive is to increase her speed—that a bird will fly faster with folded wings. He may pretend to believe it, but he will reverse her just the same. If she has room, she will stop. Even without the aid of the air-brake she will stop the train if the rail holds out. I ought to say that the instant he reverses the engine he will kick the cylinder cocks open; otherwise he may blow off a steam chest or a cylinder head.—McClure's Magazine.**

## A MAN WANTS TO KNOW

Why the fair sex persists in shopping in hot weather to the detriment of their tempers and their husbands' comforts? Why women can't remember to tell the cook to have iced tea instead of the boiling hot fluid for dinner these warm nights? Why women won't learn that soda water ruins their digestive apparatus, to say nothing of their complexions? Why women persist in carrying parasols at such an angle as to endanger the eyes of all pedestrians. Why women wear spotted veils and then wonder why their heads ache? Why they have adopted the hottest, most uncomfortable part of a man's entire wardrobe, namely, starched collars and cuffs, for their shirt waists? Why they persist in talking about servant-girlism or clothes whenever two or three of them get together? It is very stupid for the men.

The fastest time ever made between New York and San Francisco was by a theatrical train in 1886—8 days, 7 hours and 59 minutes.

## terla.

All medical men, of course, have their own views respecting the comparative sanitary value of the different resorts; but all will admit that the Lancet is an excellent authority; and none will dissent from its closing injunction that "purity of air and abundance of sunlight are often two chief desiderata; and these may frequently be found at both the seaside and the mountains—in a doubtful case the patient's previous experience will often be found to be of great value."

## CAGED IN A BIG SAFE.

The Arrival of the Cashier Saves an Official From Suicidal Action.

A Chicago despatch says: For about a quarter of an hour this afternoon Secretary I. M. Engberry, of the Mercantile Union Company, was a prisoner in the big vault in the company's offices, while half a dozen clerks and typewriters were rushing about, wringing their hands and racking their brains to try and guess the combination of the big safe door.

The imprisoned man pounded desperately on the steel walls that surrounded him, and shouted hoarsely for help. His cries scarcely penetrated the thick walls of his prison. Every moment his calls were becoming more feeble, when at last the only man who knew the secret of the combination appeared on the scene.

The door was quickly flung open and Engberry fell out upon the floor, overcome with fear and the strain under which he had been laboring. In a few minutes he recovered his equanimity, however, and told his experience as follows:

"The clerks had all gone out for lunch, and I was about to do the same, when I stepped into the vault to put away some papers. While I was there the cashier came by and closed the door without noticing me. I did not know what had occurred until I heard the combination turned.

"Then I gave a yell, but it was too late. I began to shout still louder, and had I not succeeded in calling the attention of several people, who ran to the lunch room and notified the cashier, I would probably have been suffocated. It is an experience I do not want to meet with again."

## WOMAN SAVAGELY LASHED.

A Connellsville, Pa., despatch says: A savage punishment was meted out to a young Slav woman near Leith last night. She had been accused of disobeying the moral code of her native land, and her countrymen decided to administer the customary lashing.

Her family protested, but in vain, and they were afraid to appeal from the decree of the Slav tribunal. A party of Slavs took the young woman from her friends, stripped her of most of her clothing, pinioned her hands and feet, lashed her to a stake and whipped her savagely. For more than an hour, while being punished, she was reviled, tormented and spat upon by anybody in the crowd who cared to take a hand. She was left tied to a whipping stake and remained there six hours, as the case is stated to the local authorities, before anybody dared to release her.

After she had been whipped a young man who pitied the agony she was suffering offered to loosen some of the cords that bound her, but he was promptly beaten off by the mob. When the girl was taken down last evening she could hardly move. County Detective Campbell has the case in hand.

## GUESS AGAIN.

A Congressman who, having submitted himself to the manipulation of a venerable colored barber in Washington, was told: "Do you know, sah, you remind me so much of Dan'l Webster?"

"Indeed," he said, "shape of my head, I suppose?" This staggered the aged colored man somewhat. He had not expected a question in reply, and had merely laid the foundation for his complimentary bluff, never thinking that there would be a call for an explanatory superstructure.

"No, sah," he stammered in reply, "not yo' head, sir; it's yo' breff."—Kansas City Mail.

The discovery of iodine was accidentally made by Courtois, a French soap-maker, who found the new substance in the ash of seaweed.

A spoon in a glass of hot water prevents the glass from breaking because the metal absorbs the heat more readily than the glass does.

observed here. The moment we "ray tail" is seen a similar "tail" is to be observed at certain stars and is not to be seen if there is to be no sunshine next day.

"Prognostic for Rain—Rays out from the side and bottom of the light (candle flame shade). The rain will be in proportion to the rays.

"Prognostic for Haze or Fog—Haze has the white flame, and the fog has the same shade toned down nearly as the candle flame. 'Cloudy and dull' is indicated by the pressure of the atmosphere.

"Prognostic for Thunder—A very small flame, but bright as silver, with the slightest touch of a mauve tone.

"Prognostic for Wind—The reflection around this light, and in proportion, will be the wind or storm.

"Prognostic for Heat—A hazy fur around the light. The light must be about 100 yards distant from you."—William-Elliott in Invention.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Mould crochet is a favorite form of household decoration at the present time.

Some of the newest book covers are made of tinted linen, painted with gold and colors.

The old fashioned Mignardise braid has reappeared, and is used to outline patterns with very good results.

Sachets composed of moire often have the wavy lines of the watering traced out in tiny spangles of beads.

Pretty candle shades are made of vegetable parchment painted with oil colors and brightened with gold.

Two wooden tobacco pipes, tied together crosswise with colored ribbons, have their bowls stuffed to do duty as pin cushions.

Handsome tea cloths are now made of gold colored linen. Round the edge runs a border, resembling black lace, and worked with black silk.

A novelty in photograph screens is made of three sheets of glass, bound and connected with strips of ribbon and decorated with bows.

Egg cozies are made in the form of a water lily turned upside down, the stalk forming the handle. The petals of the flower are of white or yellow satin and the leaves of green.

The newest lamp shades have a frill of painted lace. The ground is yellow, the details colored according to their character—blue or red for floral motives and green for leaves and stems.

Narrow pieces of silk that are too small for any other purpose are transformed into charming sheaths for folding fans. Silk cord is sewed around the edge and a loop of the cord left to carry the bag by.—Morning Advertiser.

## A WATCH FOR THE BLIND.

An inventor has contrived a watch for the blind, who have found that passing their fingers over so lightly over the raised letters on the dial in time disturbs the hands. In the middle of each figure is set a movable peg. It would stop the hour hand if it remained stationary, but at the touch of the hour hand the peg drops. To learn what is the hour the blind man's fingers run around the circle and find the peg that is down. It remains down until the next peg drops. To find the minutes there is a similar set of pegs on the outer edge of the dial for the minute hand.

## THE COST OF LIVING.

According to some recent statistics on the cost of living, an Englishman spends, on an average, \$48 a year for food; a Frenchman, \$47; a German, \$42; a Spaniard, \$38; an Italian, \$24; and a Russian, \$28. Of meat the Englishman eats 109 pounds a year; the Frenchman, 87; the German, 64; the Italian, 26, and the Russian, 51. Of bread the Englishman consumes 880 pounds; the Frenchman, 540; the German, 580; the Spaniard, 480; the Italian, 400, and the Russian, 685.—Scientific American.

## TOO REALISTIC.

Visitor—And how did my little pet like the theatre?

Little girl—Not very much. The actors didn't act as if they were just actin'; they acted as if it was all so—an' that made me uncomfortable.

"Why?"

"I felt just as if I was peekin' through a keyhole into somebody else's house."

## HIS CHOICE.

Miss Keyes—What make of piano would you advise me to buy?

VanPelt—Why don't you wait a little? They are making improvements every day, and maybe they'll get up some noiseless variety.

body's clutches—and then, in her own good time, comes leisurely down, marriage somebody, and has the laugh on us.

She takes her time—that is the sum and substance of it. "True love is going out," somebody wrings his hands and says: "The girl of '94 is cold, calculating, and heartless—a monstrosity!" Well, now, despairing brother, when you come to talk of cold calculation, I knew a girl who married at 16 because, she said, it might be her only chance, and another canny damsel married at 15 because she wanted her golden wedding when it would do her some good. But I'd like you to hunt up the "Mr. Right" for whom one of those plucky "monstrosities" was bound to wait, it might be for years and it might be forever, and ask him if he has noticed anything of "heartlessness" or "coldness" about her.

About the only thing it is worth while proving from the decline of early marriages is that the fin de siècle girl has so many other matters in her mind de siècle head that to claim her attention, says Louise Betts Edwards in the Philadelphia Press, a man must be more interesting than tennis, art, university extension lectures, amateur drama, slam work and a dozen other things put to gether—a test which, of course, it is not every man can stand. And the only worry it is worth while to entertain on the subject is that one's individual self may not pass the test; because when our fastidious lady has found, not merely the man she can get, but the man she wants, nor art, nor tennis, nor any other creature can rival her in her regard.

By the way, I would not rashly pluck a laurel leaf from her crown, but there is no use praising her as "sensible" for marrying later in life. If it is sense it is unconscious and unintentional sense, and it is far more likely to be accident or the spirit of the times. No woman has any sense in the matter of whom, when and how she marries; if she had, there wouldn't be employment enough to keep up the license court. Reason would seem to indicate that the woman of 30 would exercise more judgment on this point than "the maiden of bashful 15," but facts, which are seldom reasonable, show that her marriage is quite as frequently a failure.

Much of the agitation over the question, "Will marriage go out?" would sizzle down into an easily pricked bubble if we would simply remember that everything else has been tried. No one entertains for a serious minute such an absurdity as the idea that some sort of attraction and consequently some sort of relationship between the sexes can ever be dispensed with; and the hastiest dip into history shows that every relation human ingenuity can devise has been tried and failed, and nothing has given such satisfaction and protection to the individual and the state as marriage. Anything else which the enthusiastically advocated "new order" might try to make use of would be one of the long-exploded bombs from an old battle-field.

A funny old fable tells us of a revolt among the bees, which declared themselves sick of building six-sided cells. They accordingly killed their queen and began experimenting—and failing—with five-sided, seven-sided, and every-sided cells, until in the course of time they forgot what the original style had been. When they were thoroughly disheartened some bright one suggested that they try six-sided cells. They did so, with perfect success, and forever after went around glorifying in their own cleverness and the stupidity of their ancestors, whose ways they had so wisely discarded. That's how it would be if hereafter—but, pshaw, there won't be any such hereafter.

## WHITE HOUSE WEDDINGS.

The first wedding to occur in the White House was that of Miss Todd, a relative by marriage of President Madison. Then in their order came the weddings of Elizabeth Tyler, a daughter of President Tyler; John Quincy Adams, jun.; Miss Easton and Miss Lewis, both during Gen. Jackson's administration; Martha Munroe, Nellie Grant, Emily Platt, a niece of President Hayes, and last, President Cleveland.

## GREAT COLLECTION OF BUTTERFLIES.

From the entomologist's point of view the British Museum has just received an important gift. A collection of 84,000 butterflies is seldom seen, and necessitates the use of a surprising number of glass cases; the museum authorities will, however, find room for the collection in the Natural History museum.